

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07998473 2

Missionary
N.K.C.

3

Missionaru,
Entertainments





Missionary Entertainments

FOR

The Junior Missionary Society

AND

The Sunday School



Published by The Sunday
School Supply Department
SMITH & LAMAR
Nashville :: Tennessee



COPYRIGHT 1922
SMITH AND LAMAR.

PREFACE.

MANY of the numbers contained in this book of missionary entertainments have been gleaned from the best published by other Boards. For the unfailing courtesy of these Boards, we wish to express our appreciation.

Other numbers have appeared in the past few years in the *Young Christian Worker*: while still others are being printed for the first time. Especial mention is due Miss Alleine Fridy, one of the assistants in our office, for the splendid work done in numbers of the dramatizations herein contained.

The recitations and exercises are intended for primary and junior children, while the seventeen dramatizations, representing all the mission fields in which our Church is working, require for their presentation boys and girls of all ages.

This book has been written, compiled, and edited in the Educational Department of the Woman's Missionary Council and published by the Department of Sunday School Supplies.

SARA ESTELLE HASKIN,
Educational Secretary in Charge of Literature.

77
88
X3
1

CONTENTS.

RECITATIONS AND EXERCISES FOR PRIMARY CHILDREN.

Sunrise Cradles.....	7
Who Is the Queerest?.....	8
Willing Helpers.	8
Five Little Pennies.....	9
Ten Little Fingers.....	9
For Want of—.....	10
Sing a Song of Thank You.....	10
Little Boy Blue.....	11
Little Bo-Peep.....	11
Missionary Pennies.....	12
Weighing the Baby.....	13
Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes.....	15

RECITATIONS AND EXERCISES FOR JUNIORS.

A Bag of Wishes.....	17
The Little Maids of Far Japan.....	19
Soldiers of the Cross.....	21
A Sanitation Song.....	23
A Health Acrostic.....	24
God Wants the Boys and Girls.....	24
Centenary Hymn.....	25
Growing Smiles.....	26
Lullabies.....	26
My Mite Box.....	31
Miss America's Money.....	32
The Missionary Dollar.....	35

DRAMATIZATIONS.

Precious Flower and the Flies.....	39
Lighting Candles Around the World.....	48
The Great Guest Comes.....	55
Finding the House of Brotherly Love.....	58

All Along the Trail.....	67
The Garden of Children.....	71
Waiting for the Doctor.....	77
The Call of Africa.....	83
The Lonesome Little Dorothy.....	86
Cuba Libre.....	95
Maria.....	100
Sick in China.....	108
Lupe's Strange Holidays.....	117
Young Christian Worker Friends.....	121
The Mayflower Festival, or the Beautiful Surprise.....	129
Love Gifts at Smithsville.....	145
Why Didn't You Tell?.....	154

MISSIONARY ENTERTAIN- MENTS.

RECITATIONS AND EXERCISES FOR PRI- MARY CHILDREN.

SUNRISE CRADLES.

The queerest of cradles in all the wide world
Is found on the back of a Japanese girl,
Where held by a girdle wrapped around and around
A dear little Japanese baby is found.

There sitting as happy as any young king,
And rolling his head with her small body's swing;
Or eating his taffy-on-stick, will he be
Seen shaking his rattle in babyish glee.

When sleepy time comes with a wail or a cry
Then sister jumps up as she sings lullaby,
And up and down, up and down bobbing she goes,
Till baby's eyes droop for a soft slumber's close.

And then though his sister returns to her play,
His brown head still nodding in every which way,
He sleeps just as sweetly all perched in the air
As other small babies attended with care.

—From "Japan Jingles and Other Poems." Courtesy of Presbyterian Church in U. S.

WHO IS THE QUEEREST?

Little Wing Hung Lee Foo Li
 Says, "Good-by, my dears, good-by,"
 In his funny, little, choppy, Chinese way;
 And he hopes that you will come
 When his mother is at home,
 Some other bright and sunny day.

His gown seems queer to you,
 His umbrella and his queue
 (The plait of hair that's hanging down his back);
 But he would not wish to change,
 For he thinks you are just as strange
 With your hat of straw and shoes that you must black.

And the words he hears you say
 Seem to him a funny way
 To tell things that you wish your friends to hear.
 So you see that while you're right
 In this country, still you might
 In China find they thought you something queer.

—Selected.

WILLING HELPERS.

An Exercise for four children.

First Child.

A little brook sang on its winding way,
 "I give as I go, I go;"
 Then it sprinkled the dusty grass and flow'rs
 With its cool and sparkling flow.

Second Child.

A little bird sang in a treetop high,
 "I give of my best, my best;"
 And its song so sweet cheered a weary heart,
 And brought to it peace and rest.

Third Child.

A violet grew by a dusty road.
"I'll give of my sweet, my sweet,"
It said; and its perfume floated out,
Each sorrowful soul to greet.

Fourth Child.

A little girl dropped with a tender prayer
Her pennies so dear, so dear,
In the mission box, that some heathen child
Of the blessed Lord might hear.

All in Unison.

Willing helpers of Jesus we all may be,
If we gladly give our best;
Though little the gifts, the dear Lord will know,
And his love will do the rest.

—Lizzie De Armond.

—From "Missionary Gems." Courtesy of Woman's American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society.

FIVE LITTLE PENNIES.

One little penny went for a plum;
One little penny bought chewing gum;
One little penny rolled out of sight;
One little penny got peppermints white;
This little penny sings, "Goody, goody, goody,"
All the way down to my thank offering box.

—Selected.

TEN LITTLE FINGERS.

Only ten little fingers!

[Holds them up]

Not very strong, 'tis true;
Yet there is work for Jesus
Such little hands may do.

What though it be but humble,
Winning no word of praise;
We are but little children,
Working in little ways.

Only ten little fingers!
But little things may grow,
And little hands now helpless
Will not be always so.
And if we train them early
Unto his work alone
They will do greater service
When they are stronger grown.

—*Selected.*

FOR WANT OF—

For want of a cent, the dime was lost;
For want of the dime, the dollar was lost;
For want of the dollar, the Bible was lost;
For want of the Bible the Christ was lost;
For want of the Christ, the country was lost;
For want of the country, the world was lost;
For want of the world, the kingdom was lost—
And all for the want of a copper cent.

—*Alleine Fridy.*

SING A SONG OF THANK YOU.

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds baked into a pie;
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing.
Now, wasn't that a dainty dish to set before a king?

Sing a song of Thank-you, for lives so full of cheer,
Two and fifty joy weeks crammed into a year;
As the weeks are passing, surely we should bring
Offerings so gladly to place before our King.

Sing a song of Thank-you, jingling boxes pink,
Four and twenty Juniors, a pretty sight I think;
When each box was opened the coins seemed to sing.
O, was not this an offering fit to place before our King?

Sing a song of Thank-you, as we send to-day
Four and twenty dollars, speeding on their way;
Take them safe to Egypt, to India, and Sudan,
Use them in our homeland to carry out God's plan.

Sing a song of Thank-you, for there's One who will
Multiply our offerings many times until
Like the loaves and fishes the little lad did bring,
They'll feed a hungry multitude, by the blessing of our King.

—*Permission of Woman's General Missionary Society, United Presbyterian Church of North America.*

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

O little Boy Blue, come blow your horn
And waken the Juniors this bright New Year morn;
The Lord of the harvest has sent out a call.
"Go work in my vineyard," he says to them all.
Blow long and blow loud, O little Boy Blue,
For the work is so great and the workers so few;
And out in the darkness lost in the cold,
The Shepherd has lambs to be brought to the fold.
And, little Boy Blue, be sure you make clear
That the Juniors are wanted this very New Year,
For the Captain depends on the young and the brave
To help him to conquer, to seek, and to save.

—H. W.

—*Permission of Woman's General Missionary Society, United Presbyterian Church of North America.*

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
She can't tell where to find it;
Leave it alone, and it will come home
And bring its tail behind it.

Little Bo-Peep has found her sheep,
Her father's going to shear it;
The wool on its back will fill a big sack
And sell for two dollars or near it.

Says little Bo-Peep: "How much shall I keep
Of the money my sheep has brought us,
And how much shall go that more children may know
About the Good Shepherd who sought us?"

—*Permission of Woman's General Missionary Society, United Presbyterian Church of North America.*

MISSIONARY PENNIES.

By a very little girl, who drops four pennies into a missionary barrel as she repeats the last verse.

Where did my pennies come from?
Let me count them—one, two, three, four.
One is for always rememb'ring
To shut the pantry door;
Two is for minding the baby—
Our dear little cunning Ted;
Three is for not interrupting
What the grown-up people said;
Four is what Uncle John gave me
When I bumped me and didn't cry.
If some of you think it was easy,
I only wish *you* would try.

What shall I do with my pennies?
There are candies and toys, I know,
And the children can always tell
How quickly the pennies go.

But this gift box seems always saying:
"Give your pennies to me, my dear,
And send them across the ocean,
That the heathen God's word may hear."

I know they are only pennies,
I know they are few and small
But I'll send a wee prayer along with them,
And the gift box shall have them all.

—Jessie H. Brown.

—From "Missionary Gems." Courtesy of Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society.

WEIGHING THE BABY.

A SUGGESTION FOR A CRADLE ROLL RECEPTION.

The baby is brought to the front of the room, and six of the oldest Beginners gather around, reciting the poem. The verses may be recited by an older girl assisting with the little people, or they may be printed or copied on the reception invitation. For a boy baby, change the pronoun and omit the "Fourth Child."

First Child.

A penny a pound for the baby,
The baby not two years old;
Though we know that every baby
Is worth its weight in gold.

Second Child.

A penny a pound for the baby;
Suppose she'd been born in Spain?
She'd be taught her prayers on a rosary
The hope of heaven to gain.

Third Child.

A penny a pound for the baby
In the Land of the Rising Sun,
The babies and wee little children
Are said to have plenty of fun.

But their mothers don't tell them of Jesus;
They hear not the sweet story of old,
While we count the soul of our baby
More precious than silver or gold.

Fourth Child.

A penny a pound for the baby,
 So dainty and fresh and sweet;
 From the crown of her head she's precious
 To the toes of her little feet.

But those little feet in China
 Would be bound and cramped so small
 She could not run as we do,
 But only stumble and fall.

They think it right to do it,
 Because 'tis their custom old;
 So they torture the feet of the children,
 And call them "lilies of gold."

Fifth Child.

A penny a pound for the baby;
 In India far away
 Are many starving babies
 Who cry for us to-day.

Our babies here can help them,
 Though not yet two years old;
 For love will make their pennies
 Worth all their weight in gold.

Sixth Child.

Stepping forward to receive money.
 Then come and weigh the baby,
 And soon may the story be to'd
 In the love of our Saviour *all babies*
 Are worth their weight in gold.

—From "Missionary Program Material." By Anita B. Ferris. Copyright by Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada. Used by permission.

CHINESE MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES.

Arranged for three primary girls with dolls. If possible, the dolls should be Chinese, or American dolls dressed in Chinese clothing, their hair arranged in Chinese fashion or covered with caps. It might also be effective to have the little girls dressed in Chinese costume.

First Girl.

[Taking the doll's foot and pretending to pull each little toe in turn as an American mother does with her baby when she recites "This Little Pig."]

This little cow eats grass,
This little cow eats hay,
This little cow drinks water,
This little cow runs away,
This little cow does nothing
Except lie down all day.
We'll whip her.

[With last line she playfully pats the foot of the doll.]

Second Girl.

[Pretending in the last part of the stanza to teach her doll to walk.]

You dear little baby,
Don't you cry;
Your father's drawing water
In the South near by.
A red-tasseled hat
He wears on his head.
Your mother's in the kitchen,
Making up bread.
Walk a step, walk a step,
Off he goes;
See from his shoe tips
Peep three toes.

Third Girl.

[Rocking her doll in her arms.]

My baby is sleeping;
My baby's asleep.
My flower is resting;

I'll give you a peep.
How cunning he looks
As he rests on my arm!
My flower's most charming
Of all them that charm.

TO BE USED AS A RECITATION.

There was a little girl
Who would run upon the street.
She took rice and changed it
For good things to eat.

Her mother lost control of her
Until she found her feet;
But now she's just as good a girl
As you will ever meet.

[The little girl who recites the following rhyme should walk up and down pretending to water flowers from a basin.]

I water the flowers; I water the flowers;
I water them morning and evening hours;
I never wait till the flowers are dry;
I water them e'er the sun is high.
A basin of water, a basin of tea;
I water the flowers; they're opening, you see;
A basin of water, another beside,
I water the flowers; they're op'ning wide.

—Isaac T. Hopper, "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes." Copyright, Fleming H. Revell Company. Taken from "Missionary Program Material." By Anita Ferris.

RECITATIONS AND EXERCISES FOR JUNIORS.

A BAG OF WISHES.

For children from six to nine years of age. Each draws a slip, and the leader calls the number, so that they may be given in short order, though those on the platform may not respond in the order in which they stand.

[This exercise requires six members of the society. The leader should carry a bag containing five slips upon which the five wishes are written very plainly. Those taking part should have a chance to read over all the slips beforehand, in order to give any of them readily. After the leader's introduction each of the five may draw a slip from the bag and read in turn, the leader giving the appropriate reply. These replies should be committed to memory; but if this cannot be done easily, they may be read from the paper, with the air of reading an important discourse. In conclusion the slips may be gathered into the bags again and all may join in singing the closing hymn.]

The Leader holding out her bag.

I've a bag of wishes, as you all may see;
Missionary wishes, they appear to be.
Where you dropped, I gathered what you here behold;
Maybe you will read them as they are unrolled.
Each of you may draw one; read, and you will see
What these various wishes in my bag may be.

Number One.

I wish I were rich! If I'd plenty of money,
I'd give to the needy and make their lives sunny.

Reply.

Beware of such wishes, so smooth and so stealthy;
O listen, my dears, do not wait to be wealthy:
Give now what you have to bring joy to the sad;
A cup of cold water may make a heart glad.

Number Two.

I wish I were great! O the good I would do!
I would use all my powers to help the work through.

Reply.

Well, how do you know that you would, may I ask?
Just prove it by now doing each *little* task.

Number Three.

I wish I were big, and could go to far lands,
To carry the gospel, as Jesus commands!

Reply.

Don't waste time in wishing, but just as you are,
Do what you can now for the people afar.
You can pray, you can give, you can learn what they need;
And while you are growing, do many a deed.

Number Four.

I wish that all people knew more of the need
Of millions of souls that for knowledge still plead.

Reply.

Well, what are you doing to make them know more?
Do you tell your next neighbor what you've heard before?

Number Five.

I wish that more workers were ready to go
To help the great world that continues to grow!

Reply.

For those waiting to go, pray, how much will you do?
Are you getting ready, if God should call *you*?
Ah! wishes, good wishes, should grow to good deeds,
That the world may be helped in its piteous needs.
Don't spend time in wishing, if aught you can do;
Don't leave it to others; the Master calls *you*.

The wishes are good, if they prove to be seeds,
Which, planted and watered, grow up to good deeds.
I'll gather them up and take care of them, too;
You must do what you can to make them come true.

(After dropping slips again into the bag all join in singing to the air, "I think when I read that sweet story of old.")

I wish, yes, I wish that the Saviour I love
Would help me and guide me each day:
And that I might be able to share in the work
Of showing the lost ones the way.
O this wish of my heart is a prayer unto him;
I know he will hear it above;
And may all his dear children be faithful and true
And spread the glad news of his love!

—*Julia H. Johnston, in "Over Sea and Land." Courtesy of Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.*

THE LITTLE MAIDS OF FAR JAPAN.

(For six girls six to ten years of age.)

First Girl.

The little maids of far Japan
Have eyes of jetty black,
And ebon locks all held in place
By pins crossed in the back;
They wear kimonos made of silk,
And gay with Eastern dyes,
Their satin girdles spread behind
Like gorgeous butterflies.

Second Girl.

The little maids of far Japan
Are quiet and discreet;
They wear shoe mittens in the house,
Straw sandals on the street.

They have deep pockets to their dress—
I'm sure you'll not believe
How cakes and toys or perfumed things
They carry in their sleeve.

Third Girl.

The little maids of far Japan
Are wonderfully polite,
Although they never shake your hand
They bow with all their might.
Their teacher bows to them at school
The children bow again,
And then the teacher bows once more
Before the school begins.

Fourth Girl.

The little maids of far Japan
They drink tea o'er and o'er,
Within a house where soft straw mats
Are spread upon the floor.
They hold their pretty paper fans
In smart, coquettish ways,
And find, for passing simple gifts,
They make the best of trays.

Fifth Girl.

The little maids of far Japan
Use fine, high-sounding talk;
They say, "O, may we condescend
To take an august walk?"
They call their hostess "honorable"
When sweetmeats they receive,
And wrap in paper a small part
To take home in their sleeve.

Sixth Girl.

The little maids of far Japan
Have many childish joys,
And play with dolls or drums and flags—
Their land is one of toys.
Their cheeks hold rare old ivory tints,
Their teeth are orient pearls,
And yet they play in their own way
Like other happy girls.

—From "Normal Instructor and Primary Plans." By permission of F. A. Owen Publishing Company.

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

For eight boys six to eight years of age. Each boy holds aloft a letter, the total spells the word "Soldier." An attractive background should be arranged in which there is a large cross and blue flags marked with a white cross.

First Boy.

S I will state in my first line
Is but a very simple sign
That we are soldiers of the Cross,
And faithful followers fear no loss.

Second Boy.

O tells us many things to-day
The Bible says we must obey;
And when we do both good and right
We always have a winning fight.

Third Boy.

L stands for loyalty and love.
We bear unto our Lord above;
We hope to make alike the same
More children loyal to his name.

Fourth Boy.

D is for duty, daily done,
A great work that for any one;
We hope to do our very best,
Then leave to Jesus all the rest.

Fifth Boy.

I may appear a little late
In this great world called "Imitate,"
By doing this we hope to find
Our Saviour's service true and kind.

Sixth Boy.

E is no useless, childish toy;
It brings you something to enjoy;
It makes the Sabbath school a field
Where evil foemen soon will yield.

Seventh Boy.

R is for rout; we never run
Until our soldier work is done;
As conquerors we hope to stand
In peace at last in Zion's land.

Eighth Boy.

S comes once more to bid you stay,
A few words more we have to say;
Look on these soldiers here to-night
With hearts aglow and faces bright.
We are too few, and many more
Are idle all about your door;
Bring in recruits without delay;
We'll help bring in a better day.

All.

We are brave soldiers of the Cross,
And faithful followers fear no loss.

—From "Japan Jingles and Other Poems." Courtesy of Presbyterian Church in U. S.

A SANITATION SONG.

(To the tune of "I Want to Be an Angel.")

I.

We want to sing a little
Of sanitation too.
There are lots of rules that tell you
Just what you ought to do.

First you must be quite careful
To open the windows wide
And let the sunshine enter
Wherever germs may hide.

II.

Then flies are very dangerous;
They carry germs galore.
Be sure they do not enter
At window or at door.
Mosquitoes bring malaria;
Beware of them also.
For chills are sure to follow
Where'er mosquitoes go.

III.

Our homes should always be clean
And the streets as well, we say,
For flies like dirty places.
"Clean up, clean up," we say.
When homes and streets are clean and nice,
Disease will stay away
And every one be healthy
Forever and a day.

A HEALTH ACROSTIC.

S is for Safety from germs and disease;
We all can have it if only we please.

A is for Air, which should be fresh and sweet,
In mansion or cottage or on the street.

N is for Night, the time we rest;
You must open your windows if you wish to sleep best.

I is the Inside of the house where we stay;
It should always be clean, both night and day.

T is for Table, where flies like to go;
You must drive them away, or disease they'll bestow.

A is for all. Yes, every one
Can help in this work that it may be done.

T is the task which we all love to do,
To keep things clean and sanitary too.

I is the interest which we all shall have
In spreading the knowledge which our lives may save.

O is for Oxygen, which we need every minute.
Keep your air fresh, and there'll be plenty in it.

N is for Nation, for whose sake we work.
In cleaning up China no work will we shirk

—Used in Virginia School, Huchow, China.

GOD WANTS THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

God wants the boys, the merry, merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys.

God wants the boys with all their joys,
That he as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure.

His heroes brave
He'd have them be,
Fighting for truth
And purity.

God wants the boys.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
 The worst of girls;
He wants to make the girls his pearls,
And so reflect his holy face,
And bring to mind his wondrous grace,
 That beautiful
 The world may be,
 And filled with love
 And purity.
God wants the girls.

—From "Missionary Program Material." By Anita Ferris. Copyright, by Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada. Used by permission.

CENTENARY HYMN.

Lift up your eyes, behold the fires
 Of those who blazed the pilgrim way;
See how the Lord hath led our sires
 Through all the century to our day.

Lift up your hands and grace implore,
 That we, like them, may valiant be,
Preaching the word from shore to shore
 Till all mankind in Christ be free.

Lift up your voice with glad acclaim,
 Tell to the world Messiah's birth,
Till every land shall sing his fame,
 His scepter rule o'er all the earth.

Lift up the cross, the crimson throne
 Whereon the Lord of life hath died
That God for man might sin atone
 And conquer all our hate and pride.

Lift up the Christ, the glorious King
 Whose truth and love shall ever reign;
 Crown him; let all the nations sing
 His name whose power shall never wane.

—*Rev. J. E. Crowther.*

GROWING SMILES.

A smile is quite a funny thing;
 It wrinkles up your face;
 And when it's gone you never find
 Its secret hiding place.

But far more wonderful it is
 To see what smiles can do.
 You smile at some one, he smiles at you,
 And so one smile makes two.

He smiles at some one, since you smiled,
 And then that one smiles back;
 And that one smiles, until, in truth,
 You fail in keeping track.

And since a smile can do great good
 By cheering hearts of care,
 Let's smile and smile and not forget
 That smiles go everywhere. —*Beacon.*

ULLABIES.

Dress a number of little girls six to nine years of age who can sing or recite well, so as to suggest a few of the different races in our own country.

For an Indian mother, dress a dark-haired girl in a bright flannel skirt, a loose waist, and tan bicycle leggins to imitate moccasins. She may wear beads on her neck and at her belt. Her hair should hang loose, fastened only by a string tied around her neck. Her doll should be wrapped in tiny blankets and laid in an Indian baby basket. This can be made of one flat board, on which the doll is laced by a leather cord, and straps fasten the baby basket to the little mother's back, coming over the shoulders, crossing in front, and tying in the back.

The colored race may be represented by a little colored girl carrying a colored dollie in her arms. Do not blacken the face of the child.

For the Bohemians let a fair-haired girl, wearing a blue gingham dress, white apron, and hair in two long braids, carry a doll in a long white dress.

The Mexican mother can wear a red calico dress with a black shawl draped cornerwise over her head. Her doll is in a baby basket similar to the Indian's, but has a roof made of a circular piece of cardboard over the head of the board to keep the sunlight from the baby's eyes. It may be covered with glove kid to imitate deer skin. Beads and buttons hang down from the roof to be played with.

The Eskimo mother is dressed in a fur suit, and her doll is wrapped in furs similar to her own.

The Chinese mother wears a loose gown with flowing sleeves of any gay Chinese material that may be found in the dry goods store. A real Chinese doll would add to the effect.

Then the four or five little girls dress as happy New England mothers, with dainty dolls in long white dresses.

Let a tiny rocking-chair be placed on the stage for each child except the Indian and Mexican. They should enter, walking slowly and swinging their dolls gently in their arms in time to the tune, "My Old Kentucky Home." After walking once about the stage they seat themselves, the Indian and Mexican sitting, one on a log, the other on a stone covered with a bright Indian blanket. All rock their dolls, and the little white mothers sing the well-known lullaby:

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the Western sea.

At the close of this song the Indian mother rises and, walking back and forth, sings to the same tune:

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the Eastern sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind from the Eastern sea.

Over the rolling prairie go,
Tell me again so soft and low,
Some body cares for me,
While my little one, while my
Pretty one sleeps.

Some one has loved us and died for us, too;
Some one is building a home for you,
Little brown baby mine,
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

After a short interlude, in which they all rock their dolls, the little colored mother sings, rocking in time to the tune "'Way Down upon the Swannee Ribber."

Hush-a-by, my little pickaninny,
 Sleep, doncher cry;
 Bright times is comin', pickaninny,
 Comin' in de by and by.

Chorus.

O, de way was hard and dreary,
 Ebery day was long;
 Now help is comin' through de darkness
 From our bruders good and strong.

Far, far beyond de Swanee Riber
 Shines, shines a light;
 God's love in bruder's hearts' a-burnin',
 Brightnin' up de long, long night.

Chorus.

Hush-a-by, my little pickaninny,
 Sleep, doncher cry;
 Mammy's got you safe, and somehow
 T'ings look better for de by and by.

The Bohemian mother now rocks her doll and sings (tune, "Old Oaken Bucket"):

We have come from our home far across the blue waters,
 To live in a land filled with freedom and light.
 They call us their sisters, their country's own daughters,
 We are strangers no longer. Sleep, baby, good night.
 We knew not their ways, and we knew not their worship,
 They taught us their Father is our Father, too.
 Sleep sweetly, my wee one, though far from our homeland,
 We're strangers no longer. Sleep baby, good night.

The Chinese mother sings to the tune, "Lightly Row," trotting her doll on her knee:

By la by, by la by, Teenie Weenie shut her eye;
 By la by, by la by, shut her little eye.
 Mission school will show the way Melican people live to-day;
 By la by, by-la by, shut her little eye.

Sleepy O, sleepy O, in the mission school we go;
Sleepy O, Sleepy O, in the school we go;
Clothes and food and braided hair, all Chinee, but never care;
Sleepy O, sleepy O, in the school we go.

The Mexican mother now rises and walks back and forth across the stage, singing or reciting to the tune, "Farewell Forever," found in "College Songs of American Colleges":

O lullaby, lullaby, sweet Babinito,
 Sleep softly, thou baby mine,
While sunbeams and shadows
Fly o'er dark mountains,
 Bright rays in the valley shine
As far as the light of the sun in our dwellings
Is shining the light of God's love in our hearts.

Chorus

Sleep Babinito, sleep, baby mine,
Golden the sunbeams over thee shine.
No royal cradle fairer than thine,
 Guarded by angels near.

O lullaby, sweet Babinito,
 Sleep softly, thou baby dear.
The clouds on the mountains,
The breeze in the valleys,
 Have carried the tiding : here.
A Father is ours who has never forgotten;
He sends us the rains and the flowers and the
dew.

After the Indian and Mexican lullaby let the dolls be slipped from the baby baskets and held in the arms of the little mothers.

The little Eskimo mother now sings or recites to the tune of "Bonnie Doon":

O cold is the snow blowing o'er the white mountains,
And cold is the wind from the icy sea,
The white bears are sleeping all through the dark
winter;
Sleep longer, my child, it is better for thee.

O sleep, my child, the white snowflakes falling
Are soft like the wings of a summer dove.
Somewhere, they say, there are wings of white angels.
Somewhere there is summer and sunshine and love.

In closing let all the children rise and sing the following motion song to the tune, "Here we go round the mulberry bush."
Hold the dolls in a caressing way in both arms.

Mothers love their children dear, children dear, children dear,
Mothers love their children dear, the same all over the country.

Shake finger at doll's forehead.

Mothers make their children mind, children mind, children mind,
Mothers make their children mind, the same all over the country.

Toss dolls over the heads,

Mothers play with their children dear, children dear, children dear,
Mothers play with their children dear, the same all over the country.

Hold dolls by both arms, their feet on the floor.

Little feet must learn to walk, learn to walk, learn to walk,
Little feet must learn to walk, the same all over the country.

Rock dolls back and forth in the arms.

They rock-a-by babies to hush-a-by land, hush-a-by land,
hush-a-by land,
They rock-a-by babies to hush-a-by land, the same all over the country.

The tune now changes to "Old Kentucky Home," and they all walk slowly across and off the stage in the same manner in which they entered.

—Courtesy of Woman's Home Missionary Association.

MY MITE BOX.

[Group of children enter from both sides. Leaders have Junior Missionary and American flags, respectively. Introduce a simple drill as children sing, "O Zion, Haste," coming to halt alongside of stage so that vacant space in center forms a pyramid, apex to back. Leaders stand in center, with flags crossed. Enter Junior dressed as pansy, who stands under flags.]

Have you heard that pretty story
Of the pansy garden bright;
Some in gold and purple glory,
Some in black and some in white?

But these little pansy faces
Are fairer than a bed of flowers;
There are children of all races,
And their hearts are just like ours.

And some of us are surely going
To take the news of Jesus' love
To those pansies who are growing
Who know not of the God above."

[Children sing softly to the tune of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."]

Jesus loves the little children,
All the children of the world—
Red and yellow, black and white—
They are precious in his sight,
For Jesus loves the children of the world.
—Selected.

' Enter small child with red mite box. Stands under flags.

This is the song of a mite box red
That stands on the shelf at the foot of my bed.

Pennies will drop through this little slot.
My, but this mite box holds a lot!

When I get as old as my brother Jess,
I'll drop in nickels and nothing less.

When I get as rich as my father dear,
I'll make a big hole for the dollars here.

For there are children who go to sleep
And never pray, "My soul to keep."

So send them my pennies every one
And tell them I wish I could send a ton.

[Chorus repeats, "Jesus loves the little children," as all leave the stage.]

—*Mrs. Moffet Rhodes.*

MISS AMERICA'S MONEY.

Notes.—Each child representing a nation should be dressed in the costume of that country. These costumes can be seen by looking in your files of the *Young Christian Worker* or the *Missionary Voice*. Gum may wear Spearmint wrappers pinned upon her dress. Candy's outfit is a sack such as the dry cleaner uses in returning a suit. Make the bag bulge at the knees and a tie at the neck. Picture Show should carry a signboard such as is seen in front of the movie. Ice Cream Sundae should hold a dish fixed with cotton to represent this delicacy. Ribbons should have a sash and bows of ribbon at the elbows and upon the hair. Toys carries a catalogue open at the toy page. Missions should be a tall child dressed in white, and when she speaks she should spread her arms in benediction over the heads of the children of the Nations, who, after making their plea, step to the right of the stage. "The Temptations" should group themselves on the left of the stage after making their speeches. Both girls and boys should take part, each child coming upon the stage just in time to recite his part.

Characters.—Miss America. Missions. The Nations—Japan, China, Korea, Africa, Cuba. The Temptations—Gum, Candy, Picture Show, Ice Cream Sundae, Ribbons, and Totys.

Scene.—Miss America's money is before her on a table—pennies, nickels, and dimes. She runs her fingers through the money and rattles it as she speaks. At each temptation she is interested and begins counting the money, but a Nation arrives each time and suggests something better for her to do.

Miss America.

No doubt you think it is quite strange
That I possess this stack of change.
I've saved it for a long, long time—
Each nickel here and every dime.

And now that I have it, O me, O my!
I can't decide what things to buy.
I want to spend it so I shall be
The happiest girl on land or sea.

Spearmint Gum.

I'm Spearmint Gum. You haven't any;
Suppose you buy me with a penny.

Japan.

A penny a leaflet will buy for Japan.
O, help my people as much as you can!

Candy.

I'm Handy, Spandy, Jack-a-Dandy.
Five cents will buy a bag of candy.

China.

Five cents a Testament will buy
In China's town. Please, hear our cry!

Picture Show.

A dime, you know, will let you go
To see the moving picture show.

Korea.

Ten cents will send to poor Korea
Some cards for little children dear.

Ice Cream Sundae.

An ice cream sundae you buy for a quarter;
'Tis fit for the President's son or daughter.

Africa.

A quarter in Africa's wilds will pay
For a native Christian at work one day.

Ribbon.

Half a dollar a ribbon will buy.
Come, you can have one if you try.

Cuba.

In Cuba, if fifty cents you pay,
A child in the kindergarten can stay.

Toys.

A dollar will buy a lovely toy
And bring you happiness and joy.

Missions.

A dollar, if sent to the mission fields,
Will tell the world of a Christ who heals.

Miss America.

I really am fond of the picture show
And candy and cream and gum, you know.
What little girl would not enjoy
A bright new ribbon or lovely toy?
But gladly I'll give God's blessing to send,
And be to these children a true, loving friend.
So take my money, and Bibles buy—
To save still more I surely will try.

When Miss America says, "So take my money and Bibles buy," Missions and the Nations gather around the table, while the Temptations retire to the rear of the stage. Then Miss America sings to the tune of "Coming through the Rye":

If a body has some money,
Easy 'tis to spend.
I will give mine to these children
And become their friend.
Jesus loves the little children
In the far-off land;
So I give for them my money,
As he did command.

All Repeat.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

—Mrs. Geo. S. Brown.

*THE MISSIONARY DOLLAR.**Leader.*

Many people wonder what becomes of missionary money, anyway. You have always heard that money talks; and if you will listen to-day you will hear these ten dimes, which make up this missionary dollar, tell you about the work they are doing on the other side of the world.

First Dime.

I have to begin at the beginning of the work. I get the young men and young women from the colleges and seminaries that are waiting to go as missionaries and take them out to the countries in which they are going to work. I tell you I am an overworked dime; and although I work just as hard and as long as I can, I am not sending all of the young missionaries that are waiting on me. There are many more waiting for me to make arrangements to carry them. Can't you send me some more dimes to help me?

Second Dime.

I'm the BUILDING DIME. After the first dime gets a missionary to the field, I have to find him a place to live. You'd laugh, and I expect you'd cry too, if you could see some of the places they have stayed while they are waiting on you to send me to get them a home. I tell you 'tis a shame the way some of the missionaries have to wait. I know one who has put up an umbrella to keep the rain off her bed, and she has been waiting on me three years, but I have had so much else to do that I just could not get there. Then I have to build all the churches and chapels. My! but I'm a busy dime! Some of my churches are now needing paint, and others are about to fall down. I wish you could see the people that come up to the mission begging us to help them build a church. I know where there are millions of people without a single Christian church. Do hurry and send some more of me.

Third Dime.

I'm the SCHOOL BELL DIME. Whenever you send me out the school bell begins to ring somewhere. I'm running schools all over the world; but every day I have to see boys and girls turned away because my schools are so full, and I do not have any more dimes to start others. I know I'm the busiest dime in the whole missionary dollar. I have all the kindergartens to look after too. Do you know that if you cannot be a missionary yourself you can employ a good native Christian teacher for a hundred or a hundred and fifty dimes a month? She could be working on the other side of the world while you are working on this side.

Fourth Dime.

I am the HOSPITAL DIME. I send out missionary doctors and nurses and build hospitals and buy medicines. Wherever I go to work the people come flocking with the sick folks—the lame, the blind, and the crippled—just as they used to when Jesus was on earth. I have gone into many lands where there was not a single physician until I got there. I help over two million people every year, but there are so many others asking for help that it almost breaks my heart. I need more hospitals and more doctors and nurses. If I had all of the other nine dimes in the missionary dollar, I could use them every one in my work.

Fifth Dime.

I'm the BIBLE DIME. I run nearly two hundred printing presses all over the world to print the Bible and other Christian literature. I know you will see that none of the other dimes could get along without me. I have had a big job, too—to learn three hundred and sixty different languages in which to print over two hundred million copies of the Bible within a hundred years. I am sure that if you knew how

much need there is for more copies of the Bible and Christian books you would send more dimes to help me.

Sixth Dime.

I am the EVANGELIST DIME. You know the missionaries cannot do all the work by themselves; so they are training native preachers or evangelists so they can preach the gospel to their own people. Sometimes the evangelists preach in the churches, sometimes on the streets, sometimes from house to house, and sometimes they go on long tours through the country. You would be surprised to see the different kinds of conveyances I hire for the evangelists in different parts of the world—elephants, camels, horses, mules, donkeys, launches, steamboats, wheelbarrows, houseboats, jinrikishas, bicycles, and railroad trains. I keep busy all the time.

Seventh Dime.

I'm the BIBLE WOMAN DIME. In many of the lands where the missionary dollar goes the women cannot come out to hear the preaching. I get Christian women and train them as Bible teachers and send them into the homes to teach the women of Jesus. I could put many more Bible women to work if I had only \$60 a year with which to support them.

Eighth Dime.

I am the IMMIGRANT DIME. Every single year thousands of people from across the sea land on our shores, coming to our Christian country for a chance at better lives. They are coming now, "two a minute"; whether we work or sleep, "two a minute"; whether we play or pray, "two a minute." They do not know how to speak our language or how to find the right right kind of home or the right kind of work or the right kind of church unless some one is at the landing place to advise them. I keep Christian workers right at the place where they are landing in great numbers, and these workers are directing many into the path of righteousness, instead of leaving them to wander in the broad way that leads to destruction.

Ninth Dime.

I am the SHOWING MERCY DIME. Right here in our own dear land there are many, many poor, friendless children who have neither a mother's care nor a mother's prayer. And they are in great danger, as you and I would be in their place, of growing up to be sinful unless somebody lends a helping hand. I pay for a gentle deaconess or missionary to go into the dark places of our land and search out and show mercy to these little ones.

Tenth Dime.

I don't go abroad at all. I stay right here at home and keep all of the others busy, for I'm the BUSINESS DIME. You may be very sure that I am not wasted, either. You cannot find another agent anywhere that handles as big a business as I do at so small a cost. I furnish all the missionary magazines and programs. I pay the printer and the expressman and the telephone company, and all the other bills that come in. I stick the postage stamps and send out the mite boxes. I send the money to the missionaries and keep all of the accounts. I can do this for you cheaper than you can do it for yourself. If you want to send a dollar to Japan, it will cost you five cents for a postage stamp and ten cents for a money order. I can put a thousand dollars together and send it for that. Sometimes I wish I could go with the others; but when I think about it, I know that I am doing more staying at home and helping to get the other nine together and getting them off. I tell you what you might do, though, if you want every cent of your dollar to go direct—just tuck in an extra dime for me.

The Ten Dimes and the Leader (large boys and girls) form a half circle inside of chancell! They recite their respective parts, holding posters made to show the work of each dime.

The leader has a dollar bill on forehead. The other ten children each have a dime made of cardboard covered with silver paper tied on their foreheads.

—Reprinted by permission of the General Lit. Com. of W. M. A. of the United Lutheran Church in America, 844 Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

DRAMATIZATIONS.

PRECIOUS FLOWER AND THE FLIES.

A Social Service Dramatization (for older boys and girls twelve to fourteen years of age.)

SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Cu, in Chinese costume. Puts her hands to her eyes and peers out across the stage.

Mrs. Cu.

Of all the things! What has that Precious Flower been up to now, Mrs. So?

Calls her neighbor through the doorway. Mrs. So appears (in door of stage opposite to Mrs. Cu.)

Mrs. Cu.

What do you make out those things to be hanging over Mrs. Wang's window and door?

Mrs. So.

It is some kind of cloth.

Mrs. Cu.

What do you suppose it is for?

Mrs. So.

I cannot imagine. That Precious Flower has done something queer every time she came home for a vacation from the Mission School at Two Stones. Last year she took a notion that the chickens and the pig should be kept out of the house; she said they made the house dirty and bad for Little Gold to play on the floor. Just fancy!

Mrs. Cu.

Well, let's step over and ask.

Both women hobble through the doorway, stay out a moment, and then reappear through the doorway opposite.

Mrs. So.

Well, of all crazy notions! Do you suppose what Precious Flower says is true, Mrs. Cu?

Mrs. Cu.

There is Mrs. Chang. O Mrs. Chang, have you heard the news? Precious Flower is home from the Mission School for her vacation, and she has hung a cloth of some kind over the window and the door. And such pictures as she has brought home! She says the flies have given your baby sore eyes!

Mrs. Wang.

Scornfully.

The flies have done it! Why, it is the demons, of course, and I have just taken the baby to the doctor, who has stuck some needles into his face to drive the demons out.

Mrs. So.

Interrupting.

But it *is* the flies with the dragons on their feet. Precious Flower has the pictures of these dragons, which she showed Mrs. Cu and me. She says we cannot see them with the naked eye, because they are so little, and that is why we do not know that they are there. But she has seen them through a little glass at school—a little glass that makes them big to the eye. She calls them "germs," which must be the school name for "dragons." She says they are the animals that bring the cholera and the fever. They walk over the filth and the heaps of refuse in our streets, and then they come in, with their spongy little feet all full of this dirty matter, and walk over the food we eat and over the baby's eyes, and even on its mouth. The things that cling to the flies' feet are really little animals.

Mrs. Cu.

Interrupting.

And these animals—germs, Precious Flower called them—make sickness. They poison the food; and when they light on sick people and then come to us, they bring the disease with them. They make the baby's eyes sore like your baby's eyes..

Mrs. Chang.

Fanning vigorously.

Whoever heard of the like! What nonsense to say that about harmless little flies! Why, if I hadn't been used to flies all my life, you would scare me to death! But I will step in and see the child.

Exit Mrs. Chang.

Mrs. Cu.

Excitedly.

There's Mrs. Lu. Let's tell her this strange tale of the flies.

SCENE 2.

They begin to tell her, and others of the village run to hear what the excitement is. All make gestures of surprise. Curtain falls as they talk. In a moment it reopens, revealing a fish market that has up to this time been hidden by screens at back of stage. Besides fish, there are fowls hanging from nails. Mr. Wang is behind stand as shopkeeper..

Reënter Mrs. Cu and Mrs. So.

Mrs. Cu.

In scolding manner.

I never noticed so many flies in our street before. I was going to buy some fish for dinner. But look at old Wang's market! His fish are just covered with flies, and he Precious Flower's own uncle too!

Comes nearer the market.

Mr. Wang.

In wheedling voice.

Some nice fresh fish this morning, Mrs. Cu?

Mrs. Cu.

Fresh fish indeed! Just look at the flies which cover them! Straight from your old fish heads and cleanings down there in the gutter [points to the gutter] they come, and they walk all over your fish. Fine fish they are! They are not worth half the price you charge for them. You ask your own niece, Precious Flower. She can tell you! Trying to poison us all!

Mr. Wang looks bewildered. Can't speak for a minute.

Mr. Wang.

In a very loud voice.

What has my niece been saying about my fish?

Mrs. So.

Retorting with scorn.

O, nothing whatever about your fish. What she says is about the *flies*. Your fish are not fit to eat when they are covered with dirty flies; certainly not at the price you ask.

Mr. Wang.

Very angry.

I'll not sell one cash cheaper!

Slams one fish against another.

Mrs. So.

O, very well. I shall buy some eggs.

Mrs. Cu.

And I shall look at this chicken. It isn't covered with quite so many *flies* as your miserable fish.

The two go out with their purchases. Other women come in and say: "Too many flies," and go out without buying.

Mr. Wang.

Distractedly.

I shall lose my mind! Evening is here, and I must sell at half price. I shall soon be a poor man, I have lost so much cash. I will stand this no longer.

Begins to shut up shop. Suddenly hears sound of shoveling behind shop. Hurries through door and drags into view a small boy who pulls in with him a small wheelbarrow.

Mr. Wang.

Screaming.

Here, you young rascal! Leave my gutter alone.

Boy.

You let me be.

In his fright tumbles over wheelbarrow. Wang catches him by the arm and shakes him roughly.

Wang.

What are you doing, you good-for-nothing?

Boy.

You let me be. I belong to the "Anti-Fly Society." See! [Points to a badge on his arm. Badge is made of white paper, on which is picture of magnified fly.] Precious Flower started it, and we boys all belong. And—and we are cleaning up the street so the flies won't come. You let go.

Boy gets free and runs, crying, to his home. Leaves wheelbarrow. Badge of boy now lies in Wang's hand. He examines it.

Wang.

Now what in the name of all the demons is this? It looks like a cow. No, by the wings it is a fly! We are bewitched. I am losing my mind! Wait till I get hold of that miserable niece of mine. [Speaks through teeth.] I'll make her smart for this. Upsetting the whole town!

Seizes a stick and sets out for home of sister-in law. Mutters and flourishes stick as he goes. Neighbors begin to follow him. Up runs Mrs. Cu, who shouts: "There goes old Mr. Wang to revile!" Boys with fly badges on join crowd. All hurry off stage for Mrs. Wang's.

ACT II.

After a moment curtain rises on Mr. Wang crossing to side of door of stage. He stops midway on the stage, crowd following, and screams angrily.

Wang.

Shall I pay my good money for Precious Flower's education at this mission school so that she can teach a government school and take care of her worthless mother and sister, so that they shall not be like stones around my neck any longer, only to have her come home and ruin my business? Yes, ruin it! Ruin it with her crazy talk about flies! Fifteen strings of cash have I lost this day. [Stops and pants. Crowd stands and listens. Wang goes forward to side entrance of stage and beats on the door over which is stretched mosquito netting.] What is this crazy cloth before the door, sister-in-law? [Yells.] I know. It is the doing of that good-for-nothing girl!

Mr. Wang tears down some mosquito netting now stretched across the door at which he stands. Mrs. Wang appears in view and flings herself at Mr. Wang's feet.

Mrs. Wang.

O, do not beat Precious Flower. [Wails.] The child meant no harm. It is but the teaching of the Jesus school. She has meant harm to no one.

Mr. Wang.

Panting and waving his stick.

Let me find her. I will teach her a lesson.

Mrs. Wang.

Clinging to his feet.

I am sure she will talk no more about the silly flies.

Neighbors crowd closer.

Suddenly Precious Flower stands in doorway smiling. Beckons him to enter, lays finger on lips and points to neighbors behind him.

Wang.

Waving stick at her.

You wicked girl! You good-for-nothing! Twelve strings of cash have I lost. [Tries to get to the girl, but Mrs. Wang

holds his feet too tightly.] I'll make you smart for this. [Precious Flower still smiles and beckons. Wang suddenly stops, looks at her in surprise, loses his anger at her in fear, throws up his hands and cries.] Has the girl a demon, that she smiles and does not fear?

Precious Flower.

Please come in, uncle. I have something to tell you.

Wang goes off stage with Precious Flower and door closes behind them. Mrs. Wang throws herself down on floor of stage and weeps.

Mrs. Wang.

He will kill her! He will kill her! I am sure he will kill her.

Neighbors try to comfort her, but keep listening to the voices off the stage. Door opens at length, and Mr. Wang comes out on stage again and smiles.

Wang.

Go home, good neighbors. Go home and leave my foolish sister-in-law in peace.

All look at him with great curiosity and disappointment. Exit everybody.
Curtain.

ACT III.

Wang in his fish market on one side of the stage. Fish are in bamboo frames protected by the mosquito netting that once hung in Mrs. Wang's house. In large, black characters over the fish stand hangs a sign.

The sign:

ANTI-FLY FISH MARKET.
ONLY FRESH FISH UNTRAMMELED BY FLIES
SOLD HERE.

On the other side of the sign a string of characters read from top to bottom:

"FLIES
SPREAD
DISEASE."

Across top of stand pictures of gigantic flies. Fish selling rapidly.

Mrs. Cu appears in doorway opposite the market. Calls to Mrs. So excitedly as she glances at Mrs. Wang's doorway across street.

Mrs. Cu.

Mrs. So. O Mrs. So! Look over at Mrs. Wang's! Those thin cloths are gone from the door and two windows. Poor Precious Flower! Goodness knows what that old man said to her when they were alone in the house together. He nearly shook my boy to death last evening and took his badge away from him. The poor child was miserable until he and the other boys had some kind of a meeting with Precious Flower. I can't get a word out of him about it. But Wang must have half killed the child to make her take those fly cloths down.

Mrs. So.

Squinting across to Mrs. Wang's house.

I wish I knew what happened. I'll go in and ask her after I have bought something for breakfast, but now I must hurry to market.

Mrs. Cu.

And I, too. I'll go with you. I suppose old Wang will be happy now he has gotten the best of his niece, but not one ounce of fish will I buy from him after the way he turned us all out of the house last night.

Mrs. So.

Shading eyes with her hand.

Why, Mrs. Cu! See that crowd around Wang's fish market already. We must hurry. Perhaps he is selling some bargains.

Mrs. Cu.

What can have happened? He has all of Precious Flower's pictures in plain sight. What can it mean?

Hobbles closer, Mrs. So following.

With others of the crowd assembled, they buy fish and go homeward. On the way back they spy Mr. Cu and Mr. Lu, two other shopkeepers, talking outside the door.

Mrs. So.

Hobbling faster.

Of all things! Just look at the markets of Mr. Cu and Mr. Lu across the street. How they buzz with flies! They say they got possessed with a great madness at Mr. Wang for taking to the new fly cloths—I have just heard it—and then because he sells fish and they do not, they want also some of that fly cloth. Let us stop and hear what they say.

They stop and listen.

Mr. Lu to Mr. Cu (both entering doorway near which women stand).

See, Mr. Chang goes to the city to-day. I have just come from running after him to ask that he bring me back a roll of that fly cloth, that I, too, may sell fish like Wang. And what do you suppose? That Wang had already given him an order for five rolls. And he has made Chang promise to buy from nobody else!

Mr. Cu.

Wretched man, when I, too, wanted two rolls! That man Wang is too cunning. Now we shall have to buy from him or lose our cash on the fish.

Mr. Lu.

And he will charge us twice the value! [Looks sheepishly at his companion.] I'll send my daughter to that mission school, too.

Mr. Cu.

It seems to be a good business. Then Wang lose face, and we shall get ahead of him yet.

Exeunt shopkeepers.

The two women hobble homeward, exclaiming as they go.

Mrs. So.

Of all things! Mr. Lu's and Mr. Cu's daughters going to the mission school! And all because of a fly net!

Mrs. Cu.

Directly the mission school will draw all our daughters, and then what will become of our village with so much knowledge in it?

Mrs. So.

I wonder!

Curtain.

Boys and girls wear practically same costume. Both wear long trousers usually of dull blue cotton cloth. Girls have band of embroidery around theirs at bottom. Both wear coats fastened on right side with loops of tape and knotted tape buttons, and closing up to throat. Coats of boys are long; those of girls just below hips. Often girls' coats are edged with embroidery or plain material. Over coat boys wear vests, sleeveless, and buttoning also on side (often of black cloth). Sleeves of girls coats are straight and large at wrists.

Fish market may be arranged before opening of play and hidden from front of stage by large screens when not needed. Curtain drops for removal of these screens and the introduction of anything else that is necessary. Fish in market need not be real, if not convenient to have them so. Simply have the fish sign up and something to represent them.

—*This dramatization is an adaptation of "Precious Flower and the Flies," from "The Honorable Christmas Tree," By Anita Ferris. Everyland Press, with permission of Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada.*

LIGHTING CANDLES AROUND THE WORLD.

(A Play for Juniors.)

Characters.—Auxiliary (tall girl of about from twelve to fourteen years of age). Auxiliary Superintendent of Children's Work. Council Superintendent of Children's Work. Girl Members of the Junior Missionary Society. Boy Members of the Junior Missionary Society. Members of the Baby Division. "Children Crying in the Night." "Children Singing in the Light."

[Enter child.]

Child.

I am so tired of playing; I wish I could do something. Papa's at town meeting. Mamma is sewing, and sister is baking cake. Every one is busy but me, and I haven't a thing to do. They all say I am too little. I wish there were some work for children to do.

[Enter Auxiliary in a white robe carrying banner.]

Auxiliary.

There is work for children to do—the greatest work in all the world. Would you like me to tell you about it?

Child.

O, yes, please do! Is there really some work for little hands like mine?

Auxiliary.

Listen to these children.

[Enter children, who sing to the air, "Saviour, Like a Shepherd lead Us."]

We are workers for the Master;
Willingly to him we bring
Hearts and hands to do him service,
While our lips his praises sing.
Little workers, happy workers,
Willing workers for our King.

Child.

They all look so happy. I wish I could join them. Tell me lovely lady, who are you?

Auxiliary.

I am the Junior Auxiliary to the Woman's Missionary Council.

Child.

What is that?

Auxiliary.

I will call our Superintendent, and she can tell you.

[Enter Council Superintendent of Children's Work.]

Children.

That is Miss ——. [Name Council Superintendent.]

Auxiliary.

Can you tell this little inquirer something of the Council and its work?

Council Superintendent.

Gladly. The Council is composed of women chosen by the Church of her very best to attend to the details of the work of carrying out her mission. Can you tell me, children, what is the Church's mission?

Children.

To tell to all the world the gospel story.

Council Superintendent.

What is the gospel story?

Children.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Council Superintendent.

Yes, that is the glorious mission of the Church, and the Council as your representative is sending out all the while brave women to tell these glad tidings far and near. And you at home want to know what is going on.

[Exit Council Superintendent.]

[Exeunt children.]

Child.

Isn't she lovely? What does auxiliary mean?

Auxiliary.

It means help. I help the Council in its wonderful work. Here is the Auxiliary Superintendent of Children's Work.

[Enter Auxiliary Superintendent.]

Auxiliary Superintendent.

All over the Church faithful women are working, praying, and giving for the great cause of missions. Here is a little box [holds up box] in which the united offerings, made as a thank offering for all our blessings, send out women all over the world to tell the good news. And we of the — Junior Missionary Society [name your own local auxiliary] are glad to have a part in this wonderful work.

[Exit.]

Auxiliary Superintendent.

Let me call some of the children of the — Junior Auxiliary to tell you what they are doing.

[Enter girls singing Hymn No. 652, carrying each a bunch of pansies, the Junior flower.]

Child.

How do you help to carry out the Church's mission?

First Girl.

Our three aims are to study, pray, and give to missions. And one of our Deaconesses [Hold up picture.] Here is a picture of one of our missionaries. We have learned about her and helped her in her work.

Second Girl.

Here is one of our *Junior Yearbooks*. And the *Young Christian Worker*. [Hold up magazine.]

Third Girl.

We have studied hard and learned many interesting things about the children of the world, of the splendid work carried on by our missionaries and deaconess and of the call for more helpers.

Fourth Girl.

Those of us who are not big enough to go, or for some reason have to stay at home, work hard too. Here are some of the things we have made for a Christmas tree, to show some little children who do not know about him of the Christ-Child's love.

Fifth Girl.

Here is a doll I have dressed.

Sixth Girl.

Here is a nice warm dress.

Seventh Girl.

Here's a pretty apron.

Eighth Girl.

And a little work bag.

Ninth Girl.

But most of all we must pray that the kingdom may come, first, right here in our home town. Then we pray for the wider fields—our State—and wider still—our nation; and then with added joy for the whole wide world. So step by step on this ladder of prayer our hearts are led upward to heaven.

[Enter boys of the Auxiliary.]

First Boy.

The girls are not the only thing. We help too. From the boys must also come medical missionaries and teachers and preachers of the future; and we can work too.

Second Boy.

Here's a soft woolly ball we made for the Christmas tree.

Third Boy.

Here's a pretty pencil box we made.

[Exeunt boys.]

Child.

It seems as if every one could help.

Council Superintendent.

Yes, even the tiny little ones and the babies.

Enter several children, members of the Baby Division.

Auxiliary.

Here's a baby with his little red box and baby certificate.

Child.

What can such little ones as you do?

One of the Baby Division.

Give to our kindergartens all around the world. Here's a picture of one.

Holds up picture.

Child.

Is that all you do?

Baby Division Child.

O no. Do you see all these little men? [Holds up hand with fingers outspread.] They are happy because they work for missions.

All Baby Division, with gestures.

Thumbkin says: "I'll pray for missions."

Pointer says: "I'll show the way."

Big Finger says: "I sew all day."

Ring Finger says: "The money I'll give."

Little Finger says: "I'll work, work, work as long as I live."

Dance and sing, ye merry little men;

Thumbkin says: "I'll sing again;

Baby Division.

We know about the children way over in Japan."

All Baby Division, with gestures.

This is a great round world, you see [making ball with hands]

On this side live the Japanese children [turn "world" over],
On the other side here are we.

They don't have Merry Christmas [holds up left hand],
And the blessed Eastertide.

Don't you wish that we could tell them [hold up right hand]
And our joy divide?

Let us choose a missionary
The glad news to tell [point to longest finger on right hand].
Here's a ship to take her over [four hands in shape of boat].
Now we wave to her farewell.

Exeunt Baby Division children.

Child.

I want to belong to the auxiliary and help too.

Auxiliary.

Here's your badge and mite box [presenting them]. Be
sure to work and give and pray.

Child.

Now I'm a member of the Junior Auxiliary, and I'll run on
and join the others and work and sing with them.

Exit.

Auxiliary.

One more little soldier of the cross to fight against the pow-
ers of darkness.

Exit.

Darken stage. At back of the stage picture the Christ-Child with light
thrown on it or with lighted candles before it. Singing behind scenes.

Send the Light.

(Tune to "In the Sweet By and By."

There are lands far away o'er the sea
Where in darkness dear children seek light,
And the call comes to you and to me
Who have learned of the way pure and right.

Chorus.

Send the light all the way,
That the marvelous glory divine
Turn the darkness to day,
Till the whole world for Jesus shall shine.

Enter children in foreign costumes also Immigrant and Moslem children with unlighted candles in their hands. Light increased on stage. All Auxiliary children, including the new member, carry lighted candles dressed in white, singing.

Do you hear the sweet voices that sing
Of the love of the Christ-Child so bright.
Lo, fair offerings now do they bring,
That all darkness be lost in his light.

During the third verse the children of the Auxiliary light the candles of the foreign children.

Bearing the light is a part we may do,
Holding it high that its beams reach far;
So the light of his truth shines anew,
Gleaming forth from the bright Morning Star.

—Adapted from a "Junior Play." By Alice Massey. Published by Church Mission Publishing Company.

THE GREAT GUEST COMES.

A Dramatization in pantomime (for older boys and girls twelve to fourteen years of age.)

A cobbler seated with his materials for mending shoes. A child who stands on the opposite side of the stage recites the poem; or, if she could sing it to the same tune, the singing would add to the effectiveness of the scene. As the poem is recited, the cobbler receives his guests and dismisses them in pantomime.

Speaker.

While the cobbler mused there passed his pane
View of cobbler musing before the open door.

A beggar drenched by the driving rain.
Enter beggar in wet clothes and ragged shoes.

He called him in from the stormy street
Cobbler motions beggar to enter his place.

And gave him shoes for his bruised feet.
Cobbler unlaces beggar's shoes and gives him better ones.

The beggar went, and there came a crone,

Enter old woman, bent and hobbling on stick. Wears bonnet on head or
frilled boudoir cap. On back a bundle of sticks. Looks weary and tired.

Her face with wrinkles of sorrow sown.

A bundle of fagots bowed her back,

And she was spent with wrench and rack.

He gave her his loaf and steadied her load
Cobbler hands her his loaf and steadies her load.

As she took her way on the weary road.

Then to his door came a little child,

Lost and afraid in the world so wild,
Enter little child sobbing for its mother.

In the dark world. Catching it up

Child draws back at first as he stoops to it; but as he caresses it, it allows
him to catch it into his arms.

He gave it milk in the waiting cup
Gives child a cup of milk to drink.

And led it home to mother's arms
Leads by the hand to the door.

Out of the reach of the world's alarms.

The day went down in the crimson west
Turn lights low.

And with it the hope of the Blessed Guest,

And Conrad sighed as the world turned gray:
View of cobbler in chair with face sadly resting in palm of hand, sighing.

Cobbler.

"Why is it, Lord, that your feet delay?
Did you forget that this was the day?"

Speaker.

Then soft in the silence a voice he heard
A voice from behind the scene finishes the poem.

Voice.

"Lift up your heart, for I kept my word.
Conrad slowly raises himself erect as he listens.

Three times I came to your friendly door;
Three times my shadow was on your floor.
I was the beggar with the bruised feet

Reënter beggar in shining dress and stands by Conrad's chair.

I was the woman you gave to eat

Reënter the woman in shining garments and stands by Conrad with other angel.

I was the child on the homeless street."

Reënter child as third angel and stands with other two. All say the Bible verse, Matthew xxv. 34-36.

The Angels.

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me."

"Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me."

Cobbler listens with great joy on his face, a tableau light is thrown, the speaker is not in the tableau now given, and as the tableau is given soft voices behind the stage sing verse and chorus of Hymn No. 282, "O Jesus, Thou Art Standing."

[Curtain.]

FINDING THE HOUSE OF BROTHERLY LOVE.

CHARACTERS IN PLAY.

1. Drug Store Bottle. Child in underslip of blue cambric which reaches over head. Cut out place for face to show. Over the blue an apron of white cardboard is worn, and on this is printed in large letters the label of the bottle, "Sickles Drug Store." An outer wrapper of stiff brown Manila paper, with slits on sides for arms is worn.

Wrapper extends to ankles and has heavy twine string tied loosely around waist. On back of wrapper have written in large letters address: "St. Mark's Hall." Cap of bottle made of silver paper to contrast with blue. Make cap as given, like cap of bottle (real bottle).

2. Old Suit. Have child (boy) to represent as nearly as possible a suit on a coat hanger. Must look stiff and awkward. Old shoes and hat. Face shows down in neck of coat. Arms jut out at sides. Do not have shoes and suit too old.

3. Foreigners passing along street at opening of Scene 1—French, Italians, Spanish, Greeks, Syrians, Chinese, Japanese, all dressed in suitable style.

4. Cooking girls in white aprons and caps, carrying pies, cakes, etc.

5. Librarian, small boy wanting book, others reading in room.

6. Clubroom boys at work; change to basket ball team in sweaters and caps,
7. Choir children.

8. Row of medicine bottles on shelf.

9. Doctors and Nurses in clinic room. (Omit these if desired.)

SCENE I.

Enter bottle in costume as described above. Stops and gazes around. Does not know where he is. Makes gesture of despair.

Bottle.

In distress.

I'm lost! How do I get home? How foreign-looking this place is! It confuses me to see so many kinds of people passing—French, Italians, Spanish, Greeks, Syrians, Chinese, and Japanese. And those strange houses with the little iron porches that look like lace work on their sides. I can't recognize a one of them. Yonder are some bigger ones with yards full of flowers in front of them and vines and trees. From where I am, too, I can see pomegranates growing and figs and bright-red poinsettia flowers blooming on high things like trees! And, O, just look at those stalls yonder where they sell fruits and vegetables, if they aren't all done up in parsley and

peppers and strings of onions! And farther out I catch glimpses of a park with green grass and palm trees and water oaks with festoons of moss hanging on them and banks of red roses! But, O, that is not going to make me forget that I am homesick; for if I just so much as look out from away there one minute, my eyes will fall on those old sewers here before me. They are open, and the streets by them are dirty, and the houses on the streets just tenements scarce of air and sunlight, and scattered here and there are miserable saloons that foster gambling and prizefighting and horseracing. And I am lost here among it all and shall never get out! O, I am so miserable! So miserable!

Bottle raises his lips to sky and tries to draw in big breaths of sweet air. Then he speaks in hurt, strangled tones.

Bottle

Looking around.

O, if there were only somebody around somewhere to change this! If there just were— [Holds out his hands and looks at them, then shakes his head.] I could—but no, I am a drug store bottle. Of course I am ready for work, being just freshly filled and having on a new label; but I don't know what kind of work I was meant for. Besides, I am lost, and the business of a lost person is to get back to his proper place as soon as possible. [He looks down at wrapper loose around his feet.] I used to be in a man's pocket, but I slipped out somehow. Now I can hardly walk with this wrapper flapping about my feet like this. And here's night coming on, and I here. I had better hurry on somewhere.

A rusty old suit of clothes ambles out upon the stage, and the bottle bumps into him.

Bottle

Apologizing.

I beg pardon, sir. I was hurrying along and did not see you come out.

Old Suit.

O, no harm done. I was just going up to St. Mark's. They

may be needing me up there. Won't you go along with me? It's a good place to rest.

Bottle

Agreeing.

Don't care if I do. A rest would do me good. St. Mark's? It seems to me I have heard of that place. What kind of place is it?

Old Suit.

It's—well, come along with me, and I will show you.

Exeunt both.

Curtain.

SCENE II.

Stage arranged at rear like a clubroom, with chairs, tables, etc. Curtains on rings separates clubroom from front of stage. Two boys behind curtain draw curtain when desired. Two chairs on side of door of clubroom, in view of audience, for use of Bottle and Old Suit to lean against as they watch proceedings in clubroom.

Old Suit

Conducting bottle to chairs waiting for them.

Let us stand here and see what happens. This hall is in shadow. No one will molest us. I want you to see the activities of old St. Mark's. The club work is about to begin. It will surprise you to see what these clubs do. It is in these rooms that the boys and girls find the employment that gives them happy minds. The boys enjoy stories, games, the making of scrapbooks, basketry, chair-caning, athletics, and basket ball. The girls learn cooking, sewing, and games. Along with their work they memorize Bible passages, hear stories, and sing. Sh! Here they come now! Look!

Curtain draws, and girls enter in their cooking regalia, bearing in their hands pies and cakes and meats, which they set down on chairs.

Girls Talking Together.

Girls, just see! Here are meats and pies, and pies and meats, and meats and pies.—

Somebody in Class.

And cakes! Mention the cakes, too. I made 'em!

All laugh.

Girls Speaking Again.

Yes, and cakes! We have made them all in our cooking class. What shall we do with them? Don't they look fine? Let's give them to somebody. Let us give unto the world a sample of our delectable cooking!

Somebody in the Class.

Hadn't we better sample them ourselves first? We might have put in salt for sugar, you know.

All taste of a bit of cake and pie.

All Together, Smacking Lips.

Crisp! Brown! Perfect! Suppose we send them all to Vashti Industrial School, Thomasville, Ga.? Wouldn't the girls there like to get them, though?

Each Member.

I'll send mine!

All clap lustily, then pick up a pie or something from chair, stand in row, hold out in front of them and yell.

Girls Together.

Meat cake—see 'em, sir—cake, meat, and pie,
What shall we do with 'em; just let 'em lie?

No, sir, never, sir; never mind why!

We'll stack 'em up, pack 'em up, send 'em to Vashti.
They'll meet 'em, and they'll eat 'em; they'll gobble like sharks,
They'll shout through the distance: "Hurrah for old St.
Mark's!"

Rah! rah! Just keep on sizing by your books!
St. Mark's has the looks!

St. Mark's has the cooks!
You'll be left
HUNGRY!

Curtain is drawn, and girls go out with their culinary products.

Old Suit.

These girls were so good at cooking that last year they actually did send a box of cookies to the girls at Vashti School, at Thomasville. That's being kind to other folks, isn't it? And for their own amusement the Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls go on long hikes, camping trips, and have occasional banquets.

Curtain opens again, showing long shelf of books. Children sit reading.

Old Suit.

And here is the thought shop in which their minds are always at work making over old ideas and trying to invent new ones. As you see, it is the library and reading room. From association with good books one gets to be good. Whole families are sometimes won to Christ and the Church through the use of this library. Hear what that child is saying.

Enter librarian. A boy gets up and goes to librarian requesting to take out a book he holds in his hand.

Child.

Please, may I take this book home with me?

Librarian.

Will you tell me why you wish to have this book instead of some other one, dear? Isn't it rather hard reading for you? Here's a nice little story you can read for yourself.

Child.

No'm: it's this one I want. I've had it before. Pa told me to bring it back again. He is so interested in reading it. He says the stories in it are so stirring they make you want

to do things yourself. He has joined the church since he has been reading it. He tells me the things he reads about, and I like them, too.

Librarian.

Certainly you shall have it then. Here it is.

Child goes out, and curtain is drawn.

Old Suit.

That book was the Bible. Guess you knew that. It is true about that boy's father having become a Christian through reading the Bible. He now carries his family to Sunday school, too. Libraries are for the heart as well as for the mind, you see.

Curtain opens on boys in clubroom. One reads, one has unfinished basket in his hand, one has chair turned up and is examining it preparatory to rebottoming it. A boy with ball enters. He begins tossing it up and down, then exclaims impatiently.

Boy with Basket Ball.

O, come on; it's time for a game. Throw down your work. I'm ready for a good time.

Boys.

I am so glad it is time to play. My, what a good time we boys do have with that ball! We are the team. Let's give our yell.

All stand together and shout and yell.

"Boomer-lacka, boomer-lacka, bow, wow, wow!
Hot stuff, hot stuff, give it to 'em now!
Boomer-lacka, chicker-lacka, where's the spark?
Fire 'em up, fire 'em up, old St. Mark!
Rah! rah! Ball team! Ball team!
Basket ball!"

Curtain falls.

Old Suit.

That was the Boys' Club. They do many kinds of things here; and fine times they have with their games, their music, and their reading. Those who belong are the boys who once roamed the streets and had nowhere to go. And, O, the bad things they got into! But now they come here, like it even better and keep out of mischief. O, yes, we have religious services, too. There are the Sunday school classes, Epworth Leagues, missionary societies, prayer meetings, etc., down at the church; and we help out with them all. Just listen. This is prayer meeting night, and even now a song is floating up from the church below. A song in the distance is very charming, don't you think?

Let voices behind the stage sing some sweet old song softly here.

Old Suit.

I will show you more of how the spirit of the Church influences things up here. Come and see our clinic. (They draw nearer the curtain just as it opens on the clinic. Have children dressed as bottles, like illustration given, and standing on an improvised shelf made of stout plank supported at each end and in middle by chairs placed underneath plank.)

Old Suit, Continuing.

It is here the people who do not know how to care for their bodies come and learn from the doctors and nurses how to improve their health and that of their neighbors. They bring their diseased bodies here and get free service. Why, just think, three thousand five hundred people were made better last year! Some had eye trouble, some nose trouble, some throat trouble, some ear trouble and some just bad teeth. But careful attention was given to each case, and for this attention the people were very grateful. They opened their homes to their friends of St. Mark's after that and listened to what they had to say. Then they began to go to church. And so it is that the clinic often opens the doors of the home to Church and God. Just see for yourself where the people are treated for their troubles.

The drug store bottle looks around. The bottles on the shelf begin to nod and beckon to him.

Bottle.

I see some fellows on that shelf who resemble me. They are making gestures at me, too, as if they want something. What's that for?

Old Suit.

Perhaps they need you up there with them.

Bottle.

I'd like very much to help, them but—

Old Suit.

And why not? This is the House of Neighborly Love. See what it is doing for everybody—caring for their souls, bodies, and minds. And they need all the help they can get.

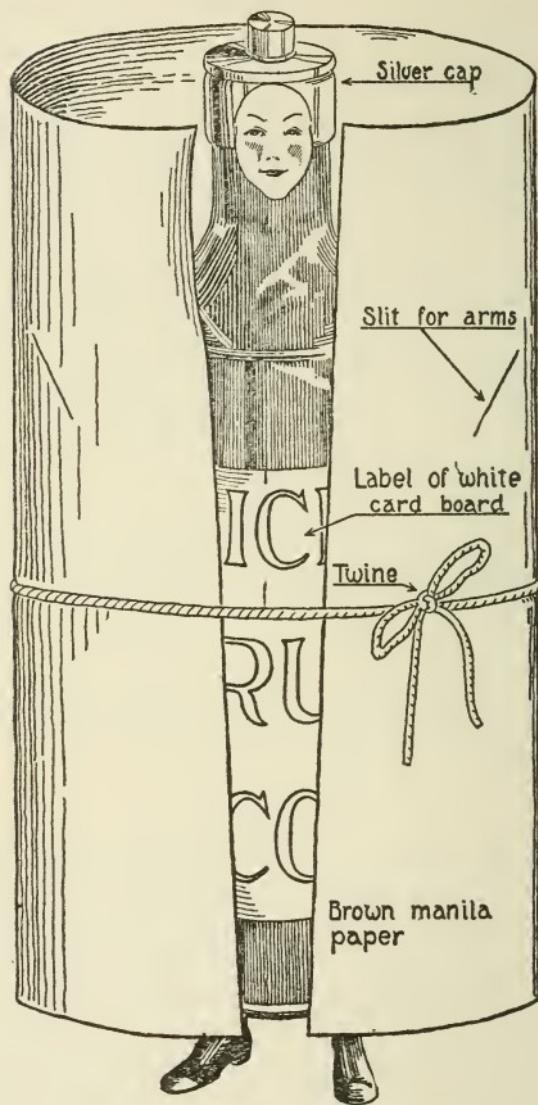
Bottle.

The House of Neighborly Love? Why, I was just wishing for such a place.

Old Suit.

Well, why not stay? I believe you are the very fellow they are waiting for, anyway. Let me see if you aren't. [Examine's the bottle's wrapper and reads aloud the address on it.] "Sickles Drug Co.—to St. Mark's Hall"—Yes, sir, I thought so! You are fresh from the Sickles Drug Company, and that's our drug store. Nearly all our fellows like you come from there. They sent you quite a while ago. It's a good thing you happened in. Get up there with the other bottles and stand ready. Here, I'll give you a lift, and then I must go back to the storeroom, They may need me there. I may still do some good in the world even though I am worn.

The old suit here reaches out an arm and helps the bottle to his place on the shelf and then ambles away.



Drug Store Bottle, Happily.

I'm so glad I'm here. Good-by, old clothes, and thank you.

Curtain.

ALL ALONG THE TRAIL.

A demonstration for boys and girls eight to ten years of age.
—By Mrs. Moffett Rhodes.

PROLOGUE: THE TRAIL.

The trail is wide, and the trail is long,
And it leads to a sunset shore;
And the trail was made by souls that were strong,
From the new world's half-flung door.

The red man said: "The land is mine."
Said the white man: "It shall not be."
So they fought and robbed with base design
By the side of the restless sea.

And westward pushed the hand of might,
And deserts to garden grew;
And millions, lured by freedom's light,
Have crossed the ocean blue.

For the gentle Jesus, with patience kind,
Still pardons our faults and pride
And bids us make, with his love in mind,
The trail both long and wide.

THE PILGRIM.

A girl in Puritan dress.

The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the waves against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

What sought they thus far?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Aye, call it holy ground,
The spot where first they trod.
They left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

—*Hemans.*

INDIAN.

Boy in Indian costume.

I am the Indian. When the white man came to America, I roamed and hunted everywhere. Now I live where the white man says I must. My people were glad when they heard of the white man's Book of heaven. They came two thousand miles to get it. Now I lay aside my blanket for the white man's clothes. I lay aside my bow and arrow and take the white man's gun. I forget to hunt and fish, and I go to the white man's school and shop. I will love the white man's Jesus and the Great White Father at Washington.

PIONEER.

Boy in costume.

I am the pioneer. I make paths through the trackless forest. I fight with wild beasts and savages. I clear the ground that others may have homes. I make the trail long and wide for the Stars and Stripes and for the message of Jesus.

ESKIMO.

Boy or girl in Eskimo dress.

I live in the frozen North where the sun shines six months in the year, but I am an American, and the trail comes this way way too. The ice and snow couldn't keep out the missionary. Before he came we used to be hungry and even starve,

but he brought us the reindeer. Now we have food and warm clothes and a team to take us spinning over the snow. Best of all, the missionary teaches us about Jesus; and when we learn to love him we are always cleaner, kinder, and happier.

MOUNTAINEER.

Boy in overalls.

We-uns live in the mountings. We haint' never had no chanct. Paw 'lowed I could go to school and l'arn to read, but there warn't no room fer me. Come next year, me'n sis-ter, we-all are goin' ter the Sue Bennett School. We're sure glad the trail comes this a-way.

NEGRO.

Boy.

Once there was a little black boy like me, and he wanted to go to school. He walked a long way to find it, and then the teacher said he couldn't stay because he hadn't any money. He said he could work. The teacher told him to sweep the room. He swept it twice and dusted it three times. It was so clean that the teacher said he could stay and work. He grew up to be a great man and had a school of his own. We can't all be great like Booker Washington, but if you will give us a chance we will grow to be good Americans and follow the trail.

IMMIGRANT.

A girl in calico dress with kerchief and bundle or, if preferred, several boys and girls with one as spokesman.

I came across the water in a big ship. I wanted to go to school and earn a lot of money and go to my own church without being afraid. Many thousands like me come to America every year. We need some one to be a good friend to us and to teach us how to be good Americans and, most of all, to tell us about Jesus. Don't let us miss the trail.

CHINESE.

A boy in Chinese costume.

Nobody wants me. Everybody makes fun of me. I don't like America. Then kind lady come. Take me to Sunday school. Learns Jesus God. He say love everybody. Why don't everybody love me?

JAPANESE.

Very small child.

I go to the kindergarten in Alameda. We sing and play, and then we talk about Jesus, and then we kneel down and pray to him. And then I say all to myself: "Dear Jesus, bless my honorable father and mother and Gobo and my sister Yuri and make them throw away the ugly idol. Amen."

AMERICA.

Tall girl draped in the Stars and Stripes.

You are very welcome, all my children. I need you every one. But how shall I help you all to follow the trail? Who will help me?

SOCIAL SERVICE.

Girl with broom.

I will help, dear America. My broom will sweep away the dirt and the cobwebs of superstition and ignorance. I will make healthy villages and clean houses. I will teach the boys how to make good citizens and the girls how to make good homes. I will help to keep the little babies alive in the hot summer. I will help you, dear America.

MEDICAL WORK.

Boy with medicine case.

I will help you, dear America. I am Medical Work. I travel everywhere by boat, by dog sled, on horseback, or in automobiles. No one is too poor for me to help. When I have made them well, they will be better Americans. I will help you, dear America.

LITERATURE.

Girl with magazines and Bible.

I will help you, dear America. I am Literature. I am good books and magazines that show people how to think better thoughts and live better lives. I am the Bible that keeps their feet in the trail. I will help you, dear America.

AMERICA.

Thank, you my good friends. With your help we will make this land a beautiful, clean, united Christian America, and Jesus Christ shall be its King of kings.

All join hands and sing "America."

THE GARDEN OF CHILDREN.

(For Junior Boys and Girls from 9 to 12.)

BY MINERVA HUNTER.

Characters.—The gardener, dressed in overalls and a large hat. American twins, boy and girl. Chinese poppy. Japanese chrysanthemum. Mexican cactus. Belgian and French fleur-de-lis. African yellow daisy. United States pansy. Korean hibiscus. Brazilinan saudade.

Dress the children to carry out the flower idea. The hibiscus is related to our garden okra, and its bloom may be copied. The saudade is like our clover and may be white, purple, pink, or variegated. The children's dresses may be made of crepe paper or cheesecloth. If it is impossible to dress the children for their parts, let each child carry the flower of the country represented. These flowers may be borrowed from a milliner or from storekeepers who decorate their windows with artificial flowers. If there is a member of the auxiliary who can make flowers, these will serve. A pond lily to which "stickers" have been added will make a prickly pear, which is a species of cactus. The fleur-de-lis is the same as our iris or flag. Children representing flowers should stand in rows, heads drooped.

Gardener.

This is God's garden of children. Every blossom is precious in his sight, yet every blossom is blighted.

American twins, who have been listening in the background, come forward.

Boy.

Hello, Mr. Gardener, let us help you with your flowers. We will take one for our very own.

Girl.

Yes, we want the sickliest little flower of all. We believe it will become beautiful under our care.

Gardener.

I do not know which flower is the sickest. Come and see if you can tell. [Leads the way to the Chinese Poppy.] Speak, little flower. What is your trouble? Why don't you grow?

Chinese Poppy.

For many years the poppy was made into a terrible drug, and many fathers and mothers in China used the drug until their brains were dulled and they did not care for their children. Now the great poppy fields are no longer seen, and the little children are being sent to school, where they are educated and trained as they should be. Many more schools are needed in China.

Boy.

I earn money every week. I will be glad to give some to the schools in China.

Girl.

And I earn money. We will take this flower, Gardener.

Gardener.

Wait, you have not seen the other flowers. Perhaps you will prefer one of them. [Leads them to the Japanese Chrysanthemum.] Speak, Chrysanthemum; tell us about yourself.

Japanese Chrysanthemum.

The chrysanthemum is one of the most noted flowers of Japan. People come from all over the world to see the gardens when the flowers are in bloom. The Japanese love their children far more tenderly than they love their flowers. They want their children to be happy, but they cannot be happy unless they know about Jesus. Japan needs many more Sunday schools.

Girl.

O brother, you take the Chinese Poppy; I love the Japanese Chrysanthemum. We can help both.

Boy.

Yes, I think we had better take both.

Gardener.

Do not leave until you have seen the other flowers. This is an interesting plant. It pricks every one who touches it.

The twins touch it and draw their hands away quickly.

Girl.

Thank, you, Mr. Gardener; you need not show us such flowers at that. We do not care for ugly, unpleasant things.

Boy.

What is the horrid creature, anyway?

Gardener.

Tell them about yourself, Mexican Cactus.

Mexican Cactus.

I am prickly and unpleasant because I have been mistreated for centuries and so expect injustice from all I meet. Many years ago my country had great wealth. We were a happy people until men came from a far off land seeking gold. They took our homes from us and taught us an untrue religion. The United States was settled by people who wanted religious freedom, but poor Mexico was overrun by fortune seekers. We want more schools, and we want the true religion.

Boy.

It is not your fault that your ancestors fell into the hands of these invaders. I will share my schools and Churches with you. Come with me.

Girl.

I want to help. [Takes his hand and looks at him in surprise.] Why, the "stickers" do not stick any more!

Gardener.

That is because he knows you love him.

Boy.

Show us your other flowers. They are all so interesting.

Gardener.

Here are two lovely flowers. They are little neighbors who live side by side in Europe. As the Belgians have no national flower, I allowed them to share the French fleur-de-lis.

Girl.

Why, it is like our flower, the flag. Mother says we should call it the iris. Is this the fleur-de-lis? It seems so much more homelike now that I see it is the flag.

Boy.

What do the children of France and Belgium need to make them grow and bloom in God's garden?

Belgian Fleur-de-Lis.

Our fathers and older brothers have been killed in the war.

French Fleur-de-Lis.

And disease and overwork have killed many of our mothers and older sisters.

Belgian Fleur-de-Lis.

We need orphanages where we can have food and be educated and cared for until we are old enough to care for ourselves.

Gardener.

Have you noticed this yellow daisy?

Boy.

What country does it represent?

Gardener.

A whole continent.

Girl.

The Dark Continent?

Gardener.

Yes, Africa. Tell about your people, lovely Yellow Daisy.

African Yellow Daisy.

My people are surrounded by wild animals of the jungles, and sickness is everywhere. We need doctors, and we need men to build roads through the forests. We need, most of all, to know about God.

Boy.

I will help you to know about God. I will help send the Bible to your people.

Korean Hibiscus.

Don't forget me.

Boy.

Certainly not. What can we do for you?

Korean Hibiscus.

Pray for us; pray night and day. Our people reach out yearning hands to you. They would know your Christ. Will your dear America not send us teachers to tell us more of him?

Girl.

We will pray for you. We will help you with our money too.

Boy.

Here is a clover, Mr. Gardener. What country does it represent?

Gardener.

Brazil. Tell me about yourself, Saudade.

Brazilian Saudade.

I am the symbol of homesickness, or a longing to see some one. I truly represent my people. Christianity is in Brazil, but under the guise of the Roman Church. The people of my country are homesick to see the living Christ. They long for him. Will you help my people?

Girl.

Yes, indeed. We love Christ and want all people to know him. What is the pansy doing in your garden? It represents our Junior Missionary Society, and it also represents the United States. Surely every one in our own land has an equal chance.

United States Pansy.

Babies in the United States die by the thousands every year because they do not have enough to eat and because their mothers do not know how to care for them. Milk stations and clinics for these little ones are needed badly. Then there are mountain boys and girls who grow into old men and women and never learn to read and write.

All the time that the pansy is speaking the other flowers draw nearer. They look as if they want to speak.

Chinese Poppy.

There are many of my people in the United States. They long for a helping hand. The Japanese and Koreans are with us all along the Pacific Coast.

Mexican Cactus.

My people are in Texas. They want to learn your language and find that you are their friends.

French Fleur-de-Lis.

In Louisiana there are many of my people. They are learning to love the United States.

African Yellow Daisy.

My people are scattered all over the United States. Please give them a chance to be good citizens.

Boy.

This is the biggest garden of children I ever saw. The two of us cannot care for them, but I am sure when we tell the Junior Missionary Society they will help. There are more than fifty thousand children in the Junior Missionary Societies. They can do wonderful things. They can carry the message of Jesus to every flower in God's garden of children. Let group of Pansy children come tripping in and sing "Jesus Loves Them All."

WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR.**A MEDICAL MISSION DIALOGUE FOR JUNIOR, INTERMEDIATE,
OR OLDER GIRLS.**

Mary and Jane, two American girls, are seated by table.

Mary.

It's perfectly dreadful to be sick these days. Last week I was awfully sick, and mother telephoned for an hour trying to get a doctor. Then it took him another hour to get there. It's a perfect shame what we have to put up with since war days. I nearly died, and mother was almost frantic.

Jane.

O, you poor dear! To think of you lying there and suf-

fering for two whole hours! That is simply an outrage. Something ought to be done so such things could not happen.

Mary.

It is dreadful; and even when we got a doctor, we could not get a nurse for love or money! Isn't it terrible?

Chinese Girl.

Enters, shakes her own hand in greeting and bows to American girls.

I beg your pardon for interrupting, but I heard what you said about waiting for a doctor, and I just *had* to come in and tell you how we have waited for a doctor in China. My grandmother waited *all her life*, and my mother has waited all *hers*. When I was a very little girl I was very sick. My grandmother said it was because there was an evil spirit in me which must be gotten out at once; so they pierced my tongue with a long, sharp, red-hot needle. Then when I did not get better a Chinese doctor with great, big colored glasses came to see me and left a prescription, which he said was very valuable and had been written by his ancestor more than a thousand years ago. It was this: "One centipede, the eye of a snake, the claw of an eagle, and the liver of a toad. Grind all together and roll into pills. Swallow five of these the next two hours, and she should be completely cured. Dissolve a little powdered tiger bone in water and make her drink at night, and her strength will be restored."

Jane.

Didn't the needle hurt?

Mary.

And didn't those pills taste awful?

Chinese Girl.

Of course they did, and I screamed as loudly as I could. Then my grandmother stuffed my mouth with rags, so the spirits would not hear me and become angry. The pills were horrible and didn't do me a bit of good.

Mary.

I should think not. Why did you take them?

Chinese Girl.

That was the only thing I knew to do and the only thing my mother knew. Could the doctors from America tell us a better way?

Japanese Gir'.

Enters leading by the hand a small child with bandaged eye, interrupts Chinese girl.

I, too, heard what you said about waiting for a doctor; so I came in to tell you about waiting for a doctor in Japan. My little sister's eye is very sore. My mother told me to take her to the God of Healing, and I rubbed his great stone eye with my fingers and then I rubbed my little sister's eye. I even held her up and let her rub her poor little sore eye right on the idol's eye, but she is no better.

Mary.

Don't you know that that idol was just full of germs and would only make her eye worse?

Jane.

I thought Japan had many fine hospitals and good doctors.

Japanese Girl.

We do have many doctors; but my mother sent me to the priest, and it was he who told me to go to the God of Healing. We gave money to the priest, and he said my sister's eye would be well, but it is not yet.

Mary.

O, this is dreadful!

Korean Girl (enters.)

We have waited for the doctor so long in Korea. Here and here and here on my body are the scars [points to shoulder,

arm, and chest] that have been made by the sharp knives which our doctors used to let out the pain. They used a little knife to let out a little pain and a big knife to let out a big pain. Some American doctors have come to Korea, but most of our people are still waiting for the doctor.

Mary.

O, dear, I feel ashamed to think of the way I have grunted and grumbled and complained about waiting just one little hour, when every one was so lovely and kind to me!

Mohammedan Girl (enters.)

When I was sick in Persia, the doctor said I must have a new charm at once; so they wrote a prayer from the Koran and put it in a little bag and tied it to me. Then he said I had too much black blood; so they cut a vein and drew out some. Then they laid me in the ashes of the oven and bound on my breast two halves of a freshly killed rooster.

Mary.

That sounds very foolish to me.

Jane.

Did it help any?

Mohammedan Girl.

Not a bit. So then my mother put a coin on the top of my head and prayed to the spirit to come and get the coin and take my sickness away; but that didn't do any good either.

African Girl (enters.)

When I was sick in Africa, my mother took me to the witch doctor. He made deep cuts on my arms and shoulder. He said this would let the evil spirit out, and when the blood was dried on my body the spirit would be afraid to come back into me.

Mary.

O, all this is terrible!

Jane.

Why doesn't somebody tell your mothers what to do when you are sick?

Girl from India.

Who has entered as they are speaking.

For ten years I waited for a doctor in India. I was married when I was five years old. My husband died two years later, and I was a widow. My head was shaved, all my jewelry was taken away, and I was given one coarse white cloth to dress in and one meal a day. Even the children at play ran from me, lest my shadow should fall on them and bring them evil. Then I was very sick. My husband's mother thought I was going to die; so she had them carry me out and lay me by the roadside so the house would not be polluted. As I lay there wishing I might die, I heard some one coming. Then I felt a soft hand on my hot head. I was too weak to speak. The lady lifted me in her arms and carried me to the automobile in which she was riding. When I opened my eyes I was in a soft, clean bed. They told me it was a mission hospital. Every day I grew stronger and happier, and now I am learning to be a nurse myself; and the love of Jesus, the Great Physician, fills my heart.

Girls from Foreign Lands in Unison.

Jesus, the Great Physician! Who is he?

Chinese Girl.

Facing Mary and Jane.

If you know him, why have you not told me. [Other girls add one after another.] And me?

Mary.

Why-er-we—

Jane.

Well-er-you-see—

Jane to Mary.

With sudden conviction.

This is medical missions mother has been talking about,
and we said we weren't interested!

Mary.

But I did not know anybody suffered and was treated in
such a terrible way!

Jane.

And we would not join the Missionary Society so we might
learn, and we said we would not give a cent to that hospital-
fund!

Mary.

And we thought we had a dreadful time when we were sick.

Jane.

To girls from foreign lands.

I am going right straight to our missionary society and tell
them just how things really are, and we will do our very best
to send doctors and nurses and build hospitals.

Mary.

And maybe, if I can learn enough, I will be a doctor my-
self and go somewhere to help some o' the people who have
waited so long for a doctor.

Costumes.

Jane and Mary, ordinary dresses.

Chinese girl, plain black or dark blue skirt (or wide trousers reaching to
ankles). The full Chinese jacket may be made by pajama pattern from dark
blue cambric. Fasten with loops of red or white braid.

Japanese girl, kimomo with wide square sleeves, with wide sash of silk or
cambric tied high in the back in square bow. Butterfly bows, paper flowers, or
tiny fans in the hair.

Korean girl, very full baggy white trousers coming to ankles. Over this an outer skirt of light blue cheesecloth, made like a very full apron, almost as long as trousers. It should have long tie strings of same material, which lap over in the back and tie in front. A low-necked jacket with flare elbow sleeves should be worn, tied in front with two sets of tape strings.

Mohammedan girl, purdah, made by sewing together at the sides two widths of white cheesecloth, forming a bag open at both ends. Gather at upper edge and sew around a small circle of cloth cut to fit the head. This hangs full to the floor. There are no sleeves and no gatherings at the waist or neck. Cut a small triangular opening over the face or round openings for the eyes and insert pieces of lace.

Girl from India, eight yards coarse white cheesecloth or muslin, at least a yard wide, to form the length of the skirt. No sewing required. Hold one end in the left hand at the waist line in front. Pass the goods tightly round hips to the front. Tie the upper corner in firm knot to the upper edge of goods held in right hand. Bring the cloth snugly around the body once, then lay the long end in plaits to within three of four yards of the end. Tuck these plaits in over the knot in the middle of front, bringing fullness about six inches below waist line. Pass the loose end of cloth over the left hip, up under right arm and over the left shoulder, bringing it around over the right shoulder and up over the head. A plain waist with short, tight sleeves may be worn underneath. No jewels are worn by widows of India.

—Courtesy of Women's Missionary Society, United Lutheran Church in America.

THE CALL OF AFRICA.

Five speakers, either boys or girls, enter, one at a time, wearing attached to their shoulders cardboard placards twenty-two by twenty-four inches, on which are the following designs or words:

First placard: A huge question mark. Second placard: A map of Africa painted black except for a tiny bit of white at the southern point and the rivers traced in green. Third placard: "Bishop Walter R. Lambuth, Our Pathfinder." Fourth placard: "Our Mission at Wembo-Nyania." Fifth placard: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

First Speaker.

A certain continent stands out from the ocean in the shape of the huge question—"When? When?" This continent is five thousand miles long and four thousand miles wide at its greatest breadth. It has the greatest desert in the world, the biggest cataract, the longest lake, and the deepest and darkest area of human need. It has nearly twice the population of the United States, and seventy-five million of these people are absolutely untouched by Christian influence. Will you listen to its question?

Second Speaker.

Here is the questioning continent, the Dark Continent. Only a little bit of white is in the south, and a few light places in the form of mission stations are in the great interior. In the great Congo region in the west [tracing the river with the finger], which contains twenty million people, there are very few places of light. The Presbyterian Church has a mission here [pointing] at Luebo, but the regions beyond are largely in darkness. One woman, the wife of a chief, said: "We heard of the white men who could bring us the Book. We went into the forest and cut down trees and built a church for the white man's God. But many moons have come and gone, and no messenger has arrived."

Third Speaker.

In the year 1911 our Church here in America sent Bishop Walter R. Lambuth to Africa to find a place for the mission. Bishop Lambuth was our pathfinder. He went to the Dark Continent and as far into the Congo district as Luebo. Here the Presbyterian missionaries gave him provisions and a caravan and started him into the jungle. He, with his company, crossed many rivers and streams, waded through swamps and visited two hundred villages, some of them cannibal villages. He was exposed to the African fever and bitten by the deadly tsetse fly, but, in the goodness and mercy of God, escaped all danger and arrived one day at a large village, Wembo-Nyama, which seemed to offer wonderful opportunities for a mission. The great chief, after a few days of suspicion, made the Bishop welcome and begged him to send teachers to tell him and his people of God. Our pathfinder promised to do this and came back to America to find the teachers.

Fourth Speaker.

Three earnest young married men and their wives were found in America who were willing to go into Central Africa. In the party were a physician, a preacher, an agriculturist and builder, a nurse, and two teachers. They bravely faced

the unknown and plunged into the heart of the Dark Continent to make their homes there and to give their lives in service to the people. Neither miles nor money can measure their heroism. On a long, long trail through the wilderness the party went with a caravan of native carriers stretching half a mile in length. At times some one at the front of the line would start a sweet song which would be caught up and carried to the other end. The marchers often went forward to "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" and in the dark places of the jungle sang "Trust and Obey." When they camped they held morning and evening prayers. Three days' journey from the village the great chief met them and escorted them in amid the rejoicing of his people. Thus the mission at Wembo-Nyama was founded. A little spot of light was started right here [fastening a white cross on the map of the second speaker]. Bishop Lambuth helped the young missionaries to plan their work in a large, wise way and then left them to take up his work elsewhere.

Fifth Speaker.

Though the pathfinder left our workers in Wembo-Nyama, surely they were not left alone; for Jesus, who commanded, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," also said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." His blessing has been upon the mission. The lives of our missionaries have been preserved. Many of our poor native people have given up their idols and turned to God; and many boys and girls have gone into school and workshop, where they are learning to become good and useful men and women. During the four years of the great World War God's hand has been over the little band at Wembo-Nyama. While the guns of war and destruction have boomed over Europe, these quiet workers have been sowing the seed of peace and a new life in Central Africa. Sometimes they have been shut off from the outside world entirely, with no mail for months, but their work has gone on. The tiny light spot has become larger now. There is a church, a school, a hospital, a workshop, and also happy little missionary homes.

Other workers have gone to join the first group. More and more the good news of Jesus and his love is being carried out from Wembo-Nyama to other villages. Our missionaries have been strong and true. We must send them more help, more money for their work, and more love. We must pray more for God's blessing on them. This is the only way to answer Africa's great question mark.

All the Speakers Together.

O Africa, we have heard thy call!
 We have begun and will not turn aside!
 We will onward work till we win or fall,
 Keeping faith with you for whom Christ died!

—Adapted by Miss Eleanor Neill.

THE LONESOME LITTLE DOROTHY.

A missionary demonstration on Brazil for Juniors nine to twelve years of age, in one act.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

1. Spirit of love: White robe of cheesecloth (Grecian style), flowing hair, and bandeau of gold surmounted in front with golden star (of cardboard and gold paper) Golden wand (stick wrapped with gold paper).

2. Love's helpers: Junior missionary boys and girls in white (their usual clothes). They also wear on heads plain bandeaux of gold (without star), and their leader carries a banner bearing the words: "Love's Helpers—The Junior Missionary Band." Each helper brings with him the gayest flower he can get or a fern or vine for decoration of stage. They must be careful to arrange the decorations as tastefully and showily as possible.

3. Brazilian children (*a*) white child, poor class: Dark skirt reaching below knees, band of white above hem; plain white guimpe buttoned behind and ruffle in armholes and around neck (like blouse). Barefooted or white slippers and black stockings. Hair in curls with one tight curl across the forehead. At waist have guimpe like middy blouse band.

(*b*) white Middle class and rich class: White dress. Bareheaded.

(*c*) Indians: Girls from four chief tribes of Brazil. Blue skirts, red blouses, huge straw hats (like field hat), black hair hanging. (Get Indian make-up from March Brothers, Lebanon, Ohio. Department of S. S. Supplies.)

4. Little North American girl in white: Has doll, game, book, and materials for making doll dress.

5. Children, boys and girls, for processional (Catholic): Wear white robes (loose), silver bands around heads, and carry basket of flowers in right hands

and lighted candles in left. Make as picturesque as possible. Dressed as angels.

6. Child from Brazilian mission school.
7. Unseen choristers for distant singing.

STAGE DECORATION.

Vines, ferns, pot flowers, and flowers in vases. Have the most brilliant blooms possible. Do the most of the work before the play begins, leaving only vases and smaller receptacles to be filled from hands of children. All the green things might be in place and only gay blossoms brought by Love's Helpers. and arranged after children come in. Show them beforehand where to place them most effectively. Rocking-chair for Dorothy and a book on Brazil left conspicuously somewhere for Dorothy to find (book may be only a pretense as to country, but there should be gaudy pictures in it).

Enter one of the largest Juniors dressed as Spirit of Love. She approaches front of stage and stands a moment, then speaks.

Spirit of Love.

I am the Spirit of Love. It is my business to keep the world beautiful and happy. I wonder what I can do here. [Looks around.] My, what an unprepossessing place! I must call my helpers to see. [Goes to doorway and sings to tune of Hymn No. 67, in Methodist Hymnal.]

Children, children, hear Love's call.
Haste ye to her bidding, all.
Here is work to do!
Come and bring your little band
From the outside where you stand.
Love doth call for you.

This song may be spoken if the music given is too hard.

Enter band of Juniors from Missionary Society, each wearing golden crown and bearing in his hand either a bright flower or a fern. Leader should carry a banner on which are the words "Love's Helpers—Junior Missionary Band."

Juniors

Singing to Love.

Love, we come with joyous mirth,
Bearing flowers of the earth,
Flowers bright and gay.
Will our dear Love deign to use
Fragrances that these diffuse,
Colors theirs to-day?

Love

Answering.

Yes, she will; for all things bright
Are most precious in her sight,
And she loves to see
Children come with blossoms fair,
Scattering dullness everywhere,
Spreading jollity.

Let us now these sweet gifts take,
And with them a garden make
Of this cheerless place.
Reds and yellows, greens, until
We shall rival fair Brazil
With her charm and grace!

All set to beautifying stage, the hardest of which may have been done beforehand. Make it very gay and festive with brightest and showiest flowers obtainable. Decorators then pretend to listen, after which they suddenly hide anywhere they can. Occasionally they peep out.

Enter Dorothy Dane, a North American white child. Brings a doll, cloth to make a doll dress, a game that may be played by a single child, and several storybooks. Sits down and sews for a while, sticks her finger and tosses away sewing. Begins to play the game she has brought, but soon tires of it too. Reads then. Finally sighs and puts chin in hand.

Dorothy

Speaking aloud.

O, dear, I am so tired of everything. I hate being the only child. It's so lonesome! What fun is there in having toys and things when there is nobody but me to see them? I wish I were a twin or had a little sister or somebody to talk to! Wonder why God didn't give me a sister, anyway? I've wanted one so!

Lays face on arm across back of chair in lonely fashion. Presently rises, shakes back her hair, and starts from room with toys. Stops to examine book she sees on table.

Dorothy

With interest.

Where did this book come from? I never saw it before. [Sits down again and turns pages and then reads. Talks to

herself.] It's a book on Brazil, and I've always wanted to see that country. And here's pictures! Look at the vines and plants and—and trees of red and yellow and white blossoms. How pretty they are! And here's a tree with all kinds of strange birds sitting over it just as if they were blooming there! Blue birds and red birds and green birds and gold birds and white birds! Phew! And here's ponds of white water lilies, with long-legged storks wading in them. And see that bird house in that high tree; it has a porch, and the whole bird family is standing on it cooling off! Wouldn't it be just grand to visit in Brazil? I wonder what kind of children live there.

Enter Spirit of Love. She beckons to her helpers, who nod and run off stage at back. Spirit stands invisibly near Dorothy, who is still looking at book, and waves her fairy wand back and forth, finally slipping behind her and waving it over her head. Then goes out.

Dorothy

Looking up.

I wish—why, where am I? This place looks just like the picture book. [Runs to flowers and smells and touches them.] I wonder— O, I wonder— Here's the flowers and all! I wonder if it's really Brazil. If I could just see a little child, I'd know. Why, yonder is one! It must be! [Hurries forward to meet Brazilian child who is entering.] Why, hello. How did you get here?

Child

With surprise.

What a funny question! Anybody is supposed to be where home is, isn't she? This is Brazil. Brazil is where I live. Where did you come from?

Dorothy.

I don't know. When I came in, I thought this was the United States. I was just reading about you in a book about Brazil. May I stay and visit you a while? I've wanted so much to see you. I'm Dorothy Dane. My country's the United States.

Brazilian Child.

My name is Anita.

Dorothy.

Anita! What a pretty name! You must be very happy here among all the beautiful flowers and things, aren't you, Anita?

Anita.

Sometimes; and then sometimes I want—just something different. I don't know what 'tis, nor why it is I want it. It can't be because I haven't everything I ask for, for my people are wealthy, and I get all that any rich little girl ought to have. We have plenty of money, a beautiful home with lovely gardens about it, and my papa and mamma are good to me. They celebrate for me with feasting and dancing when my birthday comes; and try to educate me in good schools where fine manners are taught. But yet I want something else. I hate to go to school.

Dorothy.

You hate to go to school? Why?

Anita.

Surprised.

Why, because I'm watched all the time there, that's why. It is just like a jail. You can't have any fun of the kind you wish unless you slip and do things. Then the Superior is likely to find you out and punish you. Lots of children tell lies when they are caught. Sometimes I do. You have to.

Dorothy.

Tell lies? O, but that is wicked. God does not love children who tell lies and deceive people. Don't you go to Sunday school?

Anita.

Sunday school? What is that?

Dorothy.

Why, that is where children go every Sunday to hear beautiful stories about God and Jesus, his Son, who loves them. And don't you like to sing? There they sing the prettiest songs for children. I wish you could hear how our Sunday school sings. Don't you have a place like that where you go to church and have a religion?

Anita.

Haughtily.

Of course we do, but we don't have to go to church to learn religion. We finish that at school. There we learn prayers to the Virgin and to lots of the saints, and our school tries to get ahead of every other school in the number of children it can have to take the first communion. The children who are going to take it don't eat beforehand, and they go to a priest for confession; and when the day comes all the girls go to church dressed as brides, with wreaths and veils.

Dorothy.

Dressed as brides? What is that for?

Anita.

I don't know. We just do it. Then there are the festival days when we have processions on the street in honor of the saints or the angels or somebody else. Some processions sing songs in Latin as they go. Sh! This is Angels' Day, and here is a procession now

Enter procession of children dressed as little angels. In the left hand they carry baskets of flowers; in the right lighted candles. Let them pass around the stage in circle then come out.

Anita.

Wasn't that pretty? I love all these things, but I don't understand them.

As Anita speaks, enter two other Brazilian children, one from middle class and one from very poor. Following these come four Indian maids who represent the four chief Indian stocks of Brazil. All listen to Anita's last words.

Delia

Second Brazilian child.

I am not wealthy, as Anita is, but my house is very comfortable. My religion is quite like hers, too.

Uuama

I am a child of the very poor. My home is a dark little hut of one or two rooms, into which little sunlight reaches. I have a baby brother. He wears about his neck a tiny charm so that he will cut his teeth easily. I am larger than he is, and so I wear this little flannel heart to bring me a special blessing. My mother wears a Latin prayer sewed up in leather. Once my brother grew very sick. My mother went to the image of the Blessed Virgin and prayed that my brother get well. She promised there that if he was spared to her, she would not cut his hair for three years. After that she would cut it and hang it near the image. That would please the Holy Virgin. My brother got well again. Do you believe in the Virgin?

Dorothy.

O, no. My mother says those beliefs are mistakes. It is Jesus who heals.

Uuama.

Jesus? The Jesus who is on the little brass charm which the priest sells to prevent misfortune?

Dorothy.

No, that is wrong. Jesus is with God the Father—God who made the world and all of us.

First Indian.

God who made the world? Was it not the Great Spirit who made us all? I belong to a tribe of Arawak Indians here in Brazil, and we believe there is a great Spirit who made everything. When he had completed the heavens and the earth, he seated himself on a silk cotton tree by the riverside, and from it cut off bark which he cast all about. The pieces

which touched the water became fish; those that touched the air, birds; those that touched the earth, animals and men. Is this Great Spirit the God you meant?

Second Indian.

We do not believe like the Arawaks. There is no great Spirit. The earth is our "Mother." Her name is Mama Nono. All good things come from her.

Third Indian.

I am of the tribe of Tupi-guarani. The Sun is our giver of good. The Moon distributes evil. Sometimes the Moon falls to the earth and wrecks it with thunders and with floods. We fear her.

Fourth Indian.

The Tapuyas are the oldest of the four tribes of Brazil. They say that once Anatima, the Demon, sent a flood to destroy the world. Now, because they are afraid of the Powers of the Storm, they shoot arrows into the sky or shake burning brands at it, so that such trouble will not come again.

Dorothy.

O, do you believe all these things? Has no one told you of the beautiful love of Jesus, God's Son—how, when the world was wicked and didn't know that God was remembering it and really loving it, Jesus gave up all his riches in heaven, his throne and everything, to come down here and tell us all how to be good and happy, so that we might come and live with him some day? And I think the prettiest thing about it all was that it wasn't just grown folks he loved; it was children, too, children like us.

Brazilian Children.

In concert.

Are those things you are telling true? Then why hasn't somebody been here to tell us about Jesus? Does he not love Brazilian children? Has he no place here in which we might learn about him?

The Spirit of Love enters and stands just behind the children. She listens to the last remark of the Brazilian children, then waves her wand gently and dis-

appears. Outside sweet voices sing verse and chorus of "Jesus Loves Me," at the conclusion of which a child from a Brazilian mission school enters and speaks.

Child from School.

Yes, Jesus loves you. See, I am from Brazil, too, and I know. And there is a place where you may go to learn of him. There are many schools here in Brazil where his love is taught. Once I did not know about them, but one day my mother heard about them. Then she went 1,150 miles through a wild, desolate country to put me in the school she chose. I did not know how to read then, but now I do. I can read the word of Jesus in his Bible. I can sing the songs that tell of his love. I am learning to sew and cook and study and to play with others in a beautiful playground. Come, I will show you the place, and you may stay there, too.

All follow mission school child from stage.

Dorothy.

Left alone.

Good-by, dear children. I have had such an interesting visit with you. I hope you will come to my country to see me sometime. [Turns to front.] I am going to tell the Junior Missionary Society all about those children. Why, I believe I'll just go and join that society myself. I never did want to before; but if these are the kinds of things they know about, I'll be obliged to be one of their members, too, and then I'll never be lonely again. I won't have time. I wish they were here this minute. But, O, I forgot; this is Brazil where I am! [Spirit of Love appears and waves her wand, then disappears. Dorothy looks around.] Why, no it, isn't! Have I been dreaming? And I *do* believe I hear the Missionary Society coming, just singing as they come!

Enter Junior Band and stand, singing; song, "I think when I read the sweet story of old" Dorothy rises and sings with them, holding her doll the while.

Curtain.

Hymn Missionary Band sings at close: No 682, in Methodist Hymnal. Sing entire hymn.

BY ALLEINE FRIDY.

CUBA LIBRE.

For Intermediate boys and girls.

TRANSLATED AND ARRANGED BY MISS BELLE MARKEV AND R.
L. WHITEHEAD.

SCENE I.

Showing Indian life, with wigwam, camp fire, etc. Seashore, with tropical scenery. Various Indians about camp fire.

Two Indians down front.

First Indian.

May the Sun, whom we adore as God of heaven and earth,
ever bless our beloved Cuba!

Second Indian.

So may it be! And in our hearts reign contentment and love; for under this fairest of skies, caressed by a tropical sun, all our wants are supplied without effort or pain.

First Indian.

With his golden rays the Sun warms the wide savannahs and causes the seed to swell and burst, and our little crops to grow; the limpid brooklet winds peacefully through the grass-lands murmuring his song of spring.

Second Indian.

The balmy breeze brings to us the tender song of the mocking bird from her nest in the giant ceiba.

First Indian.

And in my simple canoe I cross the waters without fear.

Second Indian.

During the hours of the day when the Sun's rays are hottest I rest in the shade of the trees in my hammock woven by

the gentlest of hands. The earth gives her many colored flowers, of which I make lovely garlands and bear them in offering to the departing Sun.

First Indian.

We honor our chief, and his orders we obey; and peace ever reigns. But if those from another tribe invade our lands, we raise our prayers to heaven and prepare our arrows; and at the command of our chief we rush forth to defend our honor and our homes.

Second Indian.

May Heaven grant us peace in our hearts, and may we always be as free as the breezes! But let us away; the Sun has graciously hidden his splendor behind the clouds, and we must needs begin our daily tasks.

Columbus appears with flags, sailors, a priest, etc. Indians show great astonishment, some running away, some timidly approaching as curtain falls.

SCENE II.

Two Cubans.

First Cuban.

Happy indeed those Indians, who, living always in peace in their loved land, enjoyed liberty!

Second Cuban.

Happy indeed were they; for theirs were the earth and the sea until that sad day when Spain first placed foot upon these shores. On that day they lost their precious freedom, and one by one they passed into eternity until none of that noble, simple race remains.

First Cuban.

We, the sons of Cuba! Shall our fate be the same? All that Cuba has is held by those beyond the seas, and their cruel chains enthrall us.

Second Cuban.

Even thought is enchain'd; to speak is a crime. They come, they enrich themselves, they command, and the Cuban must obey and keep silent, else he finds himself behind thick, cold prison walls or in dismal exile far from his home.

First Cuban.

Yet in the depths of our souls the hope lives on that some day our flag, the flag of a free country, will float over us.

Second Cuban.

Marti in the North is calling upon valiant souls who would realize this hope to raise the battle cry for liberty.

First Cuban.

Thinkest thou we shall triumph in the struggle?

Second Cuban.

Aye, let no one doubt it, since right is ours, and God will aid us.

First Cuban.

Will blood be spilt?

Second Cuban.

Yea, verily. But what matters that we die in unequal conflict? If the enemy is strong, our hearts are stronger; and if we fall with the flag, there will remain our example for our children and humanity forever.

The Cuban national hymn is heard without.

Second Cuban.

Hark! The sacred song which inflames the patriot's breast; the voice which cries to us: "Die for liberty!"

First Cuban.

To the combat! Let us hasten!

Second Cuban.

Our country, our mother is calling us! (Kneels in prayer.)

Eternal Father, Holy God,
God of infinite mercy;
Guard with thine eye our homes;
Lovingly keep those who remain behind.
Watch over them, O God!

First Cuban, (kneeling.)

May thy infinite mercy cover them
As a mantle; and permit, O Father,
That in this unequal conflict
The glorious emblem of liberty may triumph!
Amen!

Both rise.

The call comes again! *La Patria* calls her children. To triumph or to die!

Go out.

SCENE III.

Two girls, one representing Cuba, the other Columbia.
Cuba on the stage alone.

Cuba.

The terrible conflict has ceased; the trumpet calls no more. Honor has broken in a thousand places the chains with which the tyrant bound us. That noble nation of the north, America, sent to our aid her valiant sons. They with noble brotherly love have borne us on to victory, and our history is made glorious with names that shine as the sun.

Enter Columbia, bearing the Cuban flag and the Bible.

Columbia.

Young and heroic Cuba, thy victorious flag, long hidden among thy rugged hills and in thy solitary woods, may float to-day free and splendid over the ramparts of the vanquished enemy. In thy hands I place the sacred emblem of thy liberties, the ensign of a great, heroic people.

Gives Cuba the flag.

Cuba

America, great America! If my triumph is great, no less is thine. Thou hast placed in my hands the banner thou hast torn from Spanish masts amid hurrahs of victory and groans of the dying—the banner that covered Cespedes and Marti, Maceo and Agromonte. To-day I can only offer thee in the name of my people this embrace, which is the expression of my deepest gratitude.

Embraces her.

Columbia.

Thou owest me nothing, dear Cuba. Born, both of us, in this new western world where the sun shines brightest and the soil is richest, the energy of our exuberant earth palpitated in our blood and in our souls, and our spirits longed to be as free as the birds that flit in heaven's blue above us. Dost thou not hear the thundering voice of a people which acclaims and blesses thee?

Cuba.

Liberty! Let the sweet note sound from our teeming cities to the deserted shores, from virgin forest to cultivated plain. In this solemn moment we incline our heads in tribute of respect and love to those who have given their lives that we might see this glorious day.

Bow heads in silence.

Columbia.

Cuba, I bid thee now farewell. I, rejoicing in thy freedom, leave thee. Thou art free and sovereign, yet thou art young and inexperienced and unaccustomed to liberty. Shall I give thee counsel? If thou wouldst be truly free, take now this Book the charter of thy liberty; take thou this Bible, this holy Word of God which has been hid from thee these centuries by a false priesthood. Take thou this Book and teach it to thy children. In its pages will they find how to attain unto a truer and happier liberty than they now enjoy They will learn of Jesus,

who said: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." He himself is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and if he the Son make you free, you shall be free indeed.

Cuba.

Thank you, Columbia. We shall ever prize this holy Book thou hast given us, trusting that by its guidance we shall arrive at the temple of true liberty, coming to know this Jesus, the Saviour and Liberator of whom thou hast spoken.

Suggestions: At the close it might be well to have presented a drill with patriotic music, the children bearing Cuban and American flags.

MARIA.

An Incident on the Campus of Holston Institute, Songdo, Korea.

A dramatization for Intermediate girls.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

Ma-ri-a, the twelve-year-old daughter of the wealthy Mr. Pak, of the village of Tajin, and his small wife.

Chung Chang Su (Chung is surname), a student of Holston Institute and daughter of Pastor Chung, of the same village, about sixteen years old.

Chason, another student of Holston Institute, who has been rescued by the Christians from a life of slavery.

Missionary, the principal of Holston Institute.

COSTUMES.

The two students of the school should have the school uniform, which is black cotton shirt, high waist, empire effect, swings from shoulders by means of an underbody; white waist over the underbody, short, like "mother Hubbard" effect, sleeves cut in same piece with waist, kimono style, but not large at wrist like Japanese kimono.

Maria, as the daughter of a wealthy home, may wear finer clothes or brighter colors. A bright red skirt, of silk or cotton, made the same way, and the short empire waist of bright green. She should show that she has just come in from a long, hard journey. Head should be tied up turbanwise with a white head cloth; no stockings; wrap the feet in cloths or rags; her feet have been blistered by the way. Maria should be a very pretty and attractive, rather delicate-looking girl.

The missionary should be dressed in simple style, not old-fashioned enough to be ridiculous.

PROPERTIES.

Any outdoor scene will be appropriate. This is designed for a summer entertainment; any lawn with old trees and pretty grass and flowers will be all right; the Old World atmosphere may be easily given by building up a well mouth with rough unhewn rock two or three feet above the ground.

Chason carries a bundle of needlework, embroidery, knitting, tatting, and crocheting.

SCENE.

An exterior. Large, beautiful old trees for a background; and old well with curb built of large, square rocks, a bucket on the curb. Maria is seen standing near the well, her bundle of clothes still on her back, looking with awe and admiration at the school buildings supposed to be in the foreground.

Maria.

This is the school at last! How beautiful it is! But how queer to build one room on top of another like that! See, one, two, three—three rooms on top of the other, and all of stone! I never saw anything like that before. What a queer roof, too; it's neither straw thatch nor clay tile. I don't just know what it is, red like that. Lovely, lovely flowers too, and all just for girls. Who else but the Jesus believers would care to build a beautiful school like that for girls, for Korean girls? I wonder if heaven will be anything like this? [Sits down on a stone by the well, takes her foot in her hand, and then sobs with pain.] O, dear, my feet do hurt and burn so. I'm sure that we have walked hundreds and hundreds of miles since we left our village. That was only five days ago, but it seems ages and ages. My feet blistered the second day out on the journey, and I feel that it would kill me to walk another step.

Enter Chason, a student.

Chason.

Why, where did you come from, little stranger?

Maria.

(Standing up, but finching from the pain.)

I came from away beyond the mountains, from the village of Tajin.

Chason.

Poor child! You must be very tired; that is a long way. Did you come to go to school?

Maria.

That is the thing of all others that I most want, but I do not know yet. You see [wiping away the tears] I am only a small wife's child, and a girl. My father has money, but he does not care for me. I came with Pastor Chung; he has a daughter in school. He brought rice and clothes for her. Do you know a girl in school named Chung Chang Su?

Chason.

Yes, indeed, I do; she is my roommate. There now, please don't cry. I'll run and tell teacher, and I'm very sure that if there is a possible chance she will keep you.

Exit Chason.

Maria.

O, what will I do if they send me back again? How can I ever walk all that weary way again with these poor blistered feet? Chang Su will not be glad to see me, for she would have to divide her rice with me. I don't mind being hungry, and I could eat just a little bit; but she would not have enough left. I just can't take Chang Su's rice.

Enter missionary, Chang Su, and Chason, the latter with a bundle of needle work, lace, etc., in her hands.

Chang Su.

Embraces Maria with great affection and leads her to the missionary.

This is the little girl who came with my father this morning. Her name is Pak Maria.

Missionary.

Takes her hand and draws her to her side.

I'm very glad to meet you, Maria. That is a Christian name, the Korean pronunciation of our English Mary.

Chang Su.

Yes, teacher, she does the doctrine. None of the others in her family do, however, and that has made it very hard for

her. She didn't have a sure-enough name until she was baptized, and then they called her "Maria."

Missionary.

Where, then, did you learn the Jesus doctrine, little girl?

Maria.

Why, Chang Su told me all about it. Her father is the pastor of the little Church in our village, and she knows all the most wonderful, beautiful things I ever dreamed of in my life. She first told me, then I went to the Sunday school and church where I learned all that I know.

Missionary.

I'm glad, Chang Su, that my girls do real missionary work at home. [Turning to Maria.] Do your father and mother object to your being a Christian?

Maria.

At first they only laughed at me and said that since I was only a girl it didn't matter if I did foolish things; but afterwards, when he commanded me to stay away from the Christians and burned my Bible and hymn book, he got very angry because I did not stop praying and because I still sang my songs. He doesn't like it now.

Hangs her head sorrowfully.

Missionary.

But how, then, did you get to come here to a Christian school?

Maria.

When Chang Su came away first to school I was very sad; I was glad that she was to learn all about the great wonderful world and the people across the sea, and I knew that I should be very happy if I only knew a little bit of all that. Chang Su promised all the village children that she would teach us when she came home from school, and every vaca-

tion she has a little school in her father's house and teaches us there. I can read my Bible now.

Missionary.

But you did not wait for vacation again?

Maria.

Hides her face on her arms and shakes with sobs.

No, O, no! I could not wait any longer.

Chang Su.

Puts her arm about Maria's shoulder.

Now, dear, please don't cry. I'll tell her all about it. [Turns to missionary.] You see, teacher, it was this way: Her father is a very wicked man, and he said that she was getting too many queer foreign notions into her head to marry her well. He was very angry when she would not stop praying to God, and then when a man from the city came along and offered a good price for her he thought that would be a good way to dispose of a troublesome problem; so he planned to sell her.

Missionary.

Poor child! A slave's life! Did you run away then?

Maria.

Her face lighted with love and joy.

O no, teacher. It was Chang Su's father, Pastor Chung. Then he went to my father and—well, I don't know just exactly what he did say to him, but it made him very angry. He stormed and raged about so we all ran away and hid. But I do know that Pastor Chung paid for me what the wicked man from the city was to pay, thirty yen (\$15 U. S. money), which was more than Mr. Chung's salary for a whole month. That is why I am so sad. Mrs. Chung and Chang Su have no new clothes this spring, and that is why he had to bring part of her food in millet instead of white rice; and my own father

threw me away. He refused to see my face when I left. He said I was no longer his child. But these dear friends suffer for me, and I am so helpless and can do nothing to help to pay them back.

Chang Su.

Now, Maria, don't be so sad. You know that the rice and millet father carried on his back is for both of us. You are now my little sister, and part is yours.

Maria.

Yes, he carried it all those long, weary miles, and I know that it is just the same number of mǎt that he bought for you last month, Chang Su. You will have only half that I may eat.

Missionary.

How is that, Chang Su? Are you planning to divide your food with Maria?

Chang Su.

Digs her toe into the earth and hangs her head.

I'd love to do it. She is my little sister now.

Maria.

You see, the reason I am so much ashamed is because my father is rich. He has many rice fields and servants, while Pastor Chung's family go hungry and maybe suffer for my sake. O, I should love to work, to use my own hands and earn my living. But I do not know how to do anything. What could I do? They only trained me to look like a lady that I might bring a bigger price. I cannot take Chang Su's rice from her after all that her father has done for me.

Missionary.

You dear, brave child! Are you really willing to work?

Maria.

O, yes, teacher; indeed, I am. I will do anything if you will only teach me how. Let me be your servant.

Missionary.

Here, girls, show her some of your work. [Chason unrolls bundle of embroidery, tatting, chochet, etc., and spreads it on the missionary's lap] There, Maria, would you like to learn to do work like this?

Maria.

Gazes in wonder and admiration with clasped hands.

How wonderful! How beautiful! But I could never earn to do anything like this.

Chason.

But she will teach you, as she has taught us.

Maria.

Could you really, teacher? Would my stiff hands ever do that work?

Missionary.

Yes, certainly. Many other little girls like you have learned it.

Maria.

But that will not help me to stay here and not eat Chang Su's rice.

Chason.

That is the lovely thing about it. Teacher helps us to help ourselves. You will not eat Chang Su's rice, or Mr. Chung's rice, either, but your very own.

Maria.

But I do not understand. I have no rice.

Missionary.

There, girls; let me explain to her. Maria, there are good women across the seas who love Jesus, and because they love him they love also the little ones, like you, whom Jesus loves.

They have made a way to help such little girls to help earn their own way through school. We like this beautiful spirit you have of wanting to earn your own rice. They do it for the same reason that Pastor Chung saved you from a slave's life.

Maria.

It seems too good to be true. [Looks about her at building and grounds.] Stay in this lovely place? Learn to do these beautiful things? Not to have to do sinful things? Pastor Chung says that sin is the only thing to really fear; so I was not afraid when father beat me, but I would have died before going with a bad man. Can I really stay here?

Missionary.

Yes, we will be happy to keep you here as one of our family, and then when you are grown perhaps you can help others, as Chason there does.

Chason.

Truly, Maria, my story was something like yours. My wicked father sold me for a debt at the wine shop; and because I, too, was a Christian, the friends in the little meeting-house in the village somehow got the money to save me from being sold and then brought me to this beautiful place. It is like heaven, because it is a place of love and peace. Teacher says it is better for us to work than to have everything given us, and that it will make us true and strong and brave.

Maria.

Did you do all that lovely work?

Chason.

Not all. You see I help the new girls with their work, too; I'm sort of student teacher. Next year, when I finish here, I am going back to my native village and start a little school there, and I want more than anything else to teach the other little girls there who have not had such an opportunity.

Maria.

I am so happy now. My heart is as light as a flower. Pastor Chung said that God would prepare a way if I would only trust and not be afraid.

Chason.

The Bible says that when my father and mother forsake me then the Lord will take me up. How thankful we should be, Maria, that God loves children such as we!

Maria.

What is this music?

"Jesus Loves Me, This I Know" sung softly behind the curtain.

Chang Su.

It is time for evening prayers. The girls are singing in the chapel. Let us join them.

Curtain.

—By Miss Ellasue Wagner.

SICK IN CHINA.

For Intermediate boys and girls.

Actors: Grandmother, mother, sick son, five daughters, Christian nurse, Chinese doctors, and neighbors.

PART I.

Son lies on bed hung with thick curtains. Grandmother is huddled by the side of the bed, while mother and five daughters cluster about the sick boy and watch him anxiously.

Mother.

Son, why don't you get up? The boys are playing in the street. Are you sick?

Son.

I am so tired, mother; please let me sleep a little longer.

The mother pulls the curtains together and goes away, motioning the children to be quiet.

Grandmother.

I hate to think that my only grandson is lacking in strength and bravery. Really he must be sick, but for fear he is just

faint-hearted we must get some ground tiger bone and give him. Then he will have strength and courage.

Mother.

How can we give him ground tiger bone? It is all we can do to feed the family as it is, and tiger bone is expensive.

Grandmother.

Sell one of the girls. Girls are of little value. If you will sell one of them, there will be one less mouth to feed, and you will have money to buy the tiger bone to cure your son.

The mother goes to the son again and tries to rouse him, but he sinks back on the bed.

Grandmother.

What did I tell you? Tiger bone is what the child needs. If the man of the family is not strong and brave, the whole family is lost. Sell one of the girls.

Mother.

Who would buy one?

Grandmother.

Our neighbor across the way was hunting for a wife for his brother's son. He asked me yesterday if you would sell one of your daughters. I told him I was sure you would.

Mother.

But I do not want to do that. I love my daughters.

Grandmother.

You should love your son more than all your daughters. I shall go tell the neighbor that you will sell one.

Mother.

Which child can we spare best? The older girls are such a help to the family, and the younger ones are so cunning and sweet.

Grandmother.

Then sell the middle daughter. Come, child.

Middle Daughter.

Do I have to go, mother?

Mother.

Yes, dear, I guess you do. Your brother's life must be saved.

The cripple old grandmother and the little girl leave the room. The mother weeps and the girls gather about her. One little girl watches at the door and announces.

A Daughter.

Grandmother is coming back. Sister is not with her, but the neighbor is coming.

The mother gives a hysterical wail just as the grandmother enters. She cries and laughs and cries and laughs. The neighbor looks at the woman and says:

Neighbor.

She has hysterics. There is nothing so good for hysterics as bugs put up the nose.

Grandmother.

I have no bugs

Two Smaller Children.

We will catch you some, grandmother.

They dart about the room and pick bugs from the cracks in the wall and carry them to the grandmother.

Neighbor.

That kind of bug will not do. They must be bought. You can buy them when you buy the tiger bone for the boy.

Grandmother.

I had better go and buy the medicines now.

The grandmother is badly crippled, and it is all she can do to walk; but she starts out bravely. The mother becomes calm.

Mother.

Is there anything that I can do for my son before the medicine comes?

Neighbor.

Wrap him in blankets.

Mother.

But the day is very hot.

Neighbor.

That does not matter. He should be wrapped. That is what they did for my son.

The two wrap the son in blankets, and the child comes to himself enough to resist them.

Neighbor.

Sit on his head.

Mother.

I am afraid I might smother him.

Neighbor.

Well, what if you should? My son was smothered, but I relieved my conscience by doing all I could for him.

Mother.

I will not smother my child.

Neighbor.

Very well; I am going home, if that is all the appreciation you have for the help I tried to give you.

Exit neighbor.

Grandmother returns with two native doctors.

Grandmother.

Here are two doctors. I met them on the way. They will cure the boy.

Two doctors bend over the child and examine him.

First Doctor.

The child has dyspepsia. He should drink a cup of ground stone and water every day. I have a patient a few miles away from here who has been taking this treatment for two years. In that time he has used forty pounds of stone. Surely the day of his recovery is not far away.

Second Doctor.

The child has trouble with his liver and lungs. The only cure is to run rusty needles into these organs and burn the flesh to let out the evil spirits that lurk there and cause the trouble.

First Doctor.

You will kill the child. It is dyspepsia he has.

Second Doctor.

It is not dyspepsia; it is his liver and lungs.

Grandmother

Wailing and holding her knee.

I have walked too much. I have walked too much. My knee, my poor knee!

Both doctors leave the boy and hasten to her.

Both Doctors.

Rheumatism. A sharp cut above the knee and a liberal application of cayenne pepper will cure her.

Grandmother.

Anything!

The two doctors bend over the old lady, and one cuts her limb, while the other administers the application of pepper. The old lady screams with pain.

Grandmother.

Leave the house. Go!

Both Doctors.

We must have pay.

Grandmother.

Take this and go.

She hands them half of the money she received for the little g'r'l.
Exeunt doctors.

Mother.

Did you give them all the money you had?

Grandmother.

Half. I would have given them all to get them out of the house. My poor knee, my poor knee!

Enter three neighbors.

One Neighbor.

We heard that your son is sick. So many families have illness. The people are going to give a parade and a play in the temple to the five rulers. We hope in this way to pacify these evil spirits and stop the disease. We want to know if you will give money for this play in the temple.

Grandmother.

We had just as well. The doctors cannot help us.

The grandmother gives the rest of the money. Exeunt neighbors. The boy tosses and turns on the bed.

Mother.

Come, daughter, see if you cannot keep the flies from alighting on him. They seem to annoy him. But fan them very gently and be careful not to kill any, for our dead ancestors have entered into the bodies of animals and insects, and we would not offend them and thus bring more trouble upon us.

The sister sits beside her brother and fans him gently. Enter American nurse dressed in uniform.

Nurse.

I heard that your son is not well. Can I help you?

Mother.

We have no money. We sold a daughter to have money to make him well; but the money is all spent, and he is still sick.

Grandmother.

My knee, my poor knee!

Nurse.

Let me see your knee. How did this happen?

Grandmother.

The doctors cut it to let out the demons.

Nurse.

Let me dress it for you.

Nurse opens her bag and dresses the knee.

Grandmother.

Better, lots better right now. Can't you do something for the boy? He is the only man in the family.

Nurse.

We have a lovely hospital upon the hill where we can get him well if you will let him go.

Grandmother.

Is that where they preach the Jesus doctrine?

Nurse.

Yes, and make sick people well.

Mother.

So many people have been cured there. I wish my boy could go, but we have no money.

Nurse.

We have a free bed at the hospital. May I send for the boy?

Mother and Grandmother.

Yes, yes!

Curtain.

PART II.

Son in rolling chair. Mother sitting beside him. Nurse gives the boy a drink of water.

Nurse.

Yes, your son has done remarkably well. The doctor says he can go home next week.

Mother.

I am so glad! Aren't you glad, son? You look sad.

Son.

Yes, mother, I am glad. I love you and grandmother and my sisters, but everything is so nice and clean here that I hate to leave.

Mother.

If you feel that way, I shall have to tell you the secret I was saving until you got home. We are all Christians now, son, and our house is so clean that you will hardly recognize it. We have Sunday school in our home every Sunday, and many of the neighbors come. The people who live near us are so glad that you are getting well that they want to know about the Jesus doctrine.

Son.

I had the most wonderful dream last night. I dreamed that the children in America, and the grown people too, are learning about our doctors in China and how they do not know how to treat sick people, and these kind friends in America are planning to have a great medical school in Shanghai to train our doctors to take care of us when we are sick.

Nurse.

That was not a dream. That is really, truly fact. You heard the nurses and the doctors talking about it while you were sick. Over in America they are having what they call a Week of Prayer and Self-Denial, and a large part of the money that they get will be spent on this school.

Son.

I love the people in America. But O—O, I had another dream while I was sick! I hope it is not true, for it is an evil dream. I thought that my middle sister was sold to buy me medicine. Tell me that was really a dream.

Mother.

That is a fact, too; but the greatest thing has happened since then: a missionary bought her and sent her to a Christian school. Your sister says that she is going to be a nurse some day.

Son.

A nurse like my good nurse here?

Nurse.

Yes, indeed.

Son.

China is such a happy land when people who know the Jesus doctrine find you and begin to care for you. How I wish that every little sick boy in China could have a nurse like mine to get him well! How I wish that every little girl in China who has been sold could be bought by a missionary and sent to a Christian school!

Curtain.

LUPE'S STRANGE HOLIDAYS.

A dialogue for two girls eight to ten years of age.

Elizabeth meets her little Mexican friend, Lupe, who is a new American from Mexico.

Elizabeth.

O Lupe, where have you been? Have you been sick? Goodness! I don't like for you to stay away. It doesn't seem one bit nice when you are not here.

Lupe.

O Elizabeth, did you miss me? I missed you, too; but my, Elizabeth, I have had the best time!

Elizabeth.

Weren't you sick, Lupe?

Lupe.

No, no, Elizabeth. I have been having holidays.

Elizabeth.

Holidays? Why, Lupe, we haven't had any holidays! What do you mean?

Lupe.

O Elizabeth, don't you remember it was Holy Week last week? We always have holidays on Thursday and Friday of Holy Week. We never go to school on these days.

Elizabeth.

I didn't know about that, Lupe. Tell me what makes you have holidays, and what do you do on those days?

Lupe.

Well!, come on, Elizabeth; let's go and get under one of those shady trees and sit down on the grass and I'll tell you.

You know what we used to do in Holy Week in our country. Thursday we have to go to church with our mammas. We don't stay in the church very long, but the grown folks stay nearly all day and say prayers to the Holy Mary.

Elizabeth.

Who is that, Lupe.?

Lupe.

Why, Elizabeth, don't you know that the Holy Mary was the mother of Jesus?

Elizabeth.

O, is that what you mean? Why do they say prayers to her instead of to God. We say our prayers to him.

Lupe.

I don't know, but everybody in my country always says prayers to the Holy Mary.

Elizabeth.

Well, never mind, Lupe, tell me what else you do.

Lupe.

Well, we children go down town and on the streets. The people have lots of little stands at the edge of the sidewalks where they sell more nice toys—skeletons and skulls and candy coffins.

Elizabeth.

Lupe, what? Skeletons and skulls and candy coffins! Why, child, I never heard of such a thing!

Lupe.

O, they are just candy toys, and we like them. And then they sell Judases too.

Elizabeth.

Judases? Lupe, my goodness! what are they?

Lupe.

Why, Elizabeth, you know it's a man made of tissue paper. You see it is this way: Our mammas buy one, and we take it home and keep it until Saturday. Then we hang a rope out on the street from our house clear across to the house in front, and when eleven o'clock comes that morning all the church bells ring like they do here on New Year's. When the bells ring we strike a match to our Judas. He is just nearly covered with firecrackers. It's more fun when he goes off. Everybody's Judas is going off at once, and it makes a lot of noise. Then we go to church on Friday. We call it Holy Friday. We see the big figure of Jesus on the cross, and, O Elizabeth, it just looks awful. All the people look so sad, and they all stay kneeling down the longest time. I'm always so glad when we get through and go home, then I can buy some more toys and play.

Elizabeth.

Well, who ever heard of the like? Do you have any other holidays different from ours, Lupe?

Lupe.

Yes, indeed. Why, there is May 5, March 21, September 16, Gaudalupe Day, All Saints' Day, All Souls' Day, Christmas, and—

Elizabeth.

O, Lupe, please tell me about All Saints' Day.

Lupe.

Well, on All Saints' Day everybody gets a present, just as you do here on Christmas, because it means that it is the day of all the saints. You know all of us are named for some saint, so you always get a present on your saint's day instead of your own birthday. We have lots and lots of toys that day, just as we do before Easter; only on this day at those little stands there is the cutest little doll furniture, rag dolls, little ones dressed up, and there is bread for the dead.

Elizabeth.

Bread for the dead! Lupe, what on earth is that?

Lupe.

Why, Elizabeth, it's just cake, but it is made for people to buy and take to the cemetery and put on the grass where their folks are buried.

Elizabeth.

Tell me about that, Lupe.

Lupe.

All right. Nearly all the children on All Saints' Day have a horn, a little tin horn, that they buy at these little stands, and we have more fun blowing them. And then the very next day is All Souls' Day. That's when we all go out to the cemetery and take the thing that we remember our folks liked to eat when they were living, and we put it down on the ground and leave it. That's what we do with that bread of the dead. Sometimes we don't take things to eat now, but just go and put some flowers on the grave. Some people put bright-colored tissue paper chains on their folks' graves, and they look so bright.

Elizabeth.

Well, Lupe, you surely do have things different from us, don't you?

Lupe.

Yes, we do, Elizabeth. We have some more little skeletons and skulls and coffins and dead people and things like that for toys on All Saints' Day.

Elizabeth.

Lupe, come on home with me and let mamma hear about your country. She would just love to hear it.

—Dramatized from a story written by Miss Massey.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN WORKER FRIENDS.

Characters.—Dorothy, Dorothy's mother, a Chinese, a Japanese, a Korean, a Mexican, a Brazilian, a French child, a mountain child, an immigrant, a Negro.

Suggestions.—Let tall children ten to fourteen years of age represent the mother of Dorothy and the immigrant mother. The other children may be younger, six to eight, according to the difficulty of the parts taken. When the child's speech shows that the conversation of the other children has been heard, let the child stand where he can be seen while the others are talking; otherwise let the children enter just in time to say their parts.

Scene.—Bedroom. Dorothy lying on her bed. Her mother sitting beside her.

Dorothy.

Mother, I believe I am the loneliest little girl in all the world. Betty has moved away, and Charles has the measles. Will you tell me a story about some children? [Doorbell rings.] O, that is the doorbell! You will have to go downstairs.

Mother.

Yes, dear, guests have come. I wish I had a magazine or a book for you to read that would tell you about other little children. I hate for you to be lonely. Go to sleep if you can. Good night. [Mother kisses Dorothy and leaves the room.]

Dorothy.

I am as lonely as I can be. [She looks out of the window.] The big round moon and I are all alone. I guess she can look down on lots of little children. I wish I could be up there with her and see some of them and know what they are like and what they do.

Chinese.

You do not have to be up with the moon to see some one. I have come all the way from China to talk to you. [Dorothy sits up in bed and throws a bath robe around her shoulders.]

Dorothy.

China? I know where that is. I had that last week in my geography lesson. China is a pink country and very large.

Chinese.

China is not pink.

Dorothy.

It is on my map.

Chinese.

I live in China, and China is about the color of the United States. The dirt is black or some shade of brown. Our trees and grass are green.

Dorothy.

How queer! You have a book in your hand. Do you go to school?

Chinese.

Yes, I go to a Christian school. There was no Christian school in our country when father was a boy. He had to spend many days memorizing the old Chinese books. I study the Bible and have the same school lessons that you have.

Japanese.

I study the Bible.

Dorothy.

Who are you?

Japanese.

I am from Japan. When I was a tiny child I went to the kindergarten at Hiroshima Girls' School, and I hope to graduate at that school some day. I want to be a teacher or a trained nurse.

Dorothy.

What a lovely kimono you have! Come nearer and let me see it. [Japanese girl goes nearer, and Dorothy examines it.] Such lovely colors, and your silk sash is beautiful! Do all the girls in Japan dress as you do? It must be troublesome to keep your kimono clean, for it is so long and the sleeves reach nearly to the ground.

Japanese.

When my kimono is soiled, my mother rips it up and washes it.

Dorothy.

Rips it up? Why does she do that?

Japanese.

She rips it up because she could not get it on the stretching boards without ripping it. The stretching boards make it smooth.

Dorothy.

Then she does not iron it?

Japanese.

No, she just stretches it; and when it is dry it is smooth, and she sews it into a kimono again.

Dorothy.

If mother had to rip my dresses every time they are washed, I guess I would never have another white dress.

Korean.

People in my country dress in white nearly all the time. The women sit up late at night to do the washing. They iron clothes by beating them with round sticks.

Dorothy.

Where are you from?

Korean.

Korea. I heard you talking about studying the Bible. I study the Bible too at a Christian school.

Mexican.

Christian schools are not always what you children think them to be.

Dorothy.

What do you mean? Where is your home?

Mexican.

I am from Mexico. For centuries the priests of the Catholic Church have had schools in Mexico that they called Christian schools, but they did not tell us about the living Christ. They taught us that Christ is dead and that we should confess our sins to a priest.

Dorothy.

That is awful! Mexico is my next-door neighbor. Are there no real Christian schools, I mean Protestant schools, in Mexico?

Mexican.

Yes, there are some. I attend one of them. I know about Jesus and love him, but there are so many in my country who depend upon the priests.

Brazilian.

It is the same way where I live.

Dorothy.

Where is your home?

Brazilian.

In Brazil. It is a lovely country. We have many wealthy people in Brazil, but very few know of the living Christ. The priests have told untrue things to the people. My country needs more Protestant schools.

French Child.

Will you let me come and talk with you? I am from Europe. We need Protestant schools and our churches rebuilt and our tiny babies cared for. Americans have done so much for us; would it be too much to ask them to help still more?

Dorothy.

We have schools and churches everywhere in America. We will be glad to help you.

Mountaineer.

I live in America, and there is no church near me.

Dorothy.

There are ten churches within three miles of my house. Where do you live?

Mountaineer.

I live in a mountain cove. About twice a year we walk fifteen miles to the nearest church, but the rest of the time we just sing the old hymns Granny taught us.

Dorothy.

What about the schoolhouse? Why doesn't somebody preach in it?

Mountaineer.

It is in the nearest schoolhouse that the Church I spoke of meets.

Dorothy.

Then where do you go to school? You cannot walk thirty miles to and from school each day.

Mountaineer.

Dad and Jim and Jess are going to start to the Textile Industrial school this fall. Bill and Henry and Joe will run things, and some day we will go.

Dorothy.

Is your father going to school?

Mountaineer.

Yes; he will be in the same grade with Jim and Jess. Dad is fifty-four years old, and he cannot read, but he is going to learn.

Dorothy.

I thought every grown person in the United States could read.

Immigrant.

No, miss. Those who come from other lands, as well as many born in America, cannot read or write or speak the English language.

Dorothy.

Is anything being done to help these people?

Immigrant.

Yes; there are Wesley Houses and Missions and Settlement Homes and clubs, but many more are needed. There are clinics and milk stations for babies and older children. Did you know that thousands of babies die each year because they are not cared for as they should be? Do you know that your Church is caring for many of them?

Dorothy.

I have heard something about it.

Negro.

- Did you hear about me?

Dorothy.

Not very much? Tell me about yourself.

Negro.

Before I moved near the Bethlehem House I had an awful time finding a place to play, and there were no schools near me; but now I go to clubs at the Bethlehem House and go to school too. I would tell you more about myself, but I must be going.

Others.

It is late. We must go.

Dorothy.

O do not go. When will you come to see me again?

Immigrant.

We can never come back.

Dorothy.

But I want to know more about you. I want to help you. Can't you write me letters?

Japanese.

We cannot write letters, either. Why don't you subscribe to the *Young Christian Worker*? It tells about us.

Dorothy.

I have heard of that magazine. Does it really tell about you?

Chinese.

Yes, it does. It comes to my school in China every month, and I see it.

Others.

I see it too. So do I.

Negro.

It comes to the Bethlehem House. It tells not only about my people in the United States, but it tells about Africa. There are a few Christian schools in Africa.

Dorothy.

How can I get this magazine?

Immigrant.

Send your name and address and fifty cents to the *Young Christian Worker*, Box 510, Nashville, Tenn., and the magazine will come to you for a whole year.

Dorothy.

I am going to subscribe. Good-by, good-by. [All the children leave the room, and Dorothy closes her eyes. In a few minutes her mother comes in.]

Mother.

I am glad she can sleep. She has been so lonely.

Dorothy.

Mother, is there a magazine called the *Young Christian Worker*?

Mother.

Yes, dear. Why?

Dorothy.

Children from all over the world have been here. I asked them to come again or to write; and they said that they could not, but that the *Young Christian Worker* is full of stories about them. I want to subscribe for myself and Betty and Charles.

Mother.

I will get you pen and ink and paper now [gets them from a table]. Be sure to give the names in full and the street number or R. F. D., so that each one will get the magazine.

—Miss Minerva Hunter.

THE MAYFLOWER FESTIVAL, OR THE BEAUTIFUL SURPRISE.

A Thanksgiving Entertainment.

SCENE I.

Scene: Bare room. Spirit of Mayflower wandering there alone. Little People of the Wood in the background watching and listening.

Spirit of the Mayflower

Speaking to herself.

O how lonely it is here to-day! My birthday, too! The years have drifted into hundreds since I first set foot on this American shore. Ah, how time flies! I had always wanted to see this new world. Many were the stories I had heard of it. It was a land of strange people, of beautiful scenes, of wonderful opportunities. But, best of all, it was a land of no king, a place where a man might go and rule himself. It was a land, too, which was the home of the Great Spirit himself, and he who lived there might love and worship him as he pleased. It was a wonderful thought that one might worship God in his own way. Sweet freedom! "I will seek out that land," I said. "I will be free. I will go where I may teach all the world the beautiful lesson of freedom." And so, with a psalm of joy on my lips and a prayer of hope in my heart, I set out.

Enter Little People of the Wood and stand, listening. They keep themselves well hidden from view of Mayflower.

Mayflower.

Continuing.

But O, that wild voyage over, and those early years here! I shudder to think of them again. All that I braved for America and the world, to make them free—and—now—they have—forgotten—me. It is my birthday, and no one remembers! Well, well, no use to grieve. I will walk on.

Exit Spirit of Mayflower. Little People of the Wood come hurriedly forward talking together excitedly.

First Wood Nymph.

That was the Spirit of the Mayflower talking. We have seen her at last! We have seen her at last! How long we have wished to!

Second Nymph.

Yes, yes, but did you hear her? She said she was lonely.

Third Nymph.

And forgotten! It made my heart ache to hear her say, "The world has forgotten me!" and she did so much for it too. Can't we do something to show her that she is not forgotten? This is her birthday. Why not plan a surprise for her?

All the Little People.

A surprise! But what shall it be?

In pantomime all the Little People grow thoughtful, clasp hands in semi-circle, drop to their knees, fold hands, and pray to the Great Spirit of the Woods to show them how to make the Spirit of the Mayflower happy. Suddenly they jump up, and with smiles and nods to each other, clasp hands over their mouths to hush their "O's!" and begin to embrace each other. They fall to work arranging the stage to suggest the season of the Mayflower's first landing. Suddenly they stop in their work, stand off and look at it, shake their heads "No!" and race off to bring two old Indians to show them how. They arrange also a decorated couch for the Mayflower to rest on when she returns. Now all is right. They gaze on their work and become possessed with such a frenzy of delight that they execute a quaint dance drill. (See "Directions" for stage decoration for this drill.) The Indians stand by and look on, stroking their chins.

When the drill is over, the Indians go away, and the Little People hide when they hear the Mayflower coming again.

Enter the Mayflower in a very dispirited manner, casually glancing about her, and brightening at the change which she sees.

Spirit of the Mayflower.

Why—why—where am I? Is not this the place where I was but a moment ago? How comes it like this now? It looks like old times. Am I dreaming? [She puts her hand to her head in a dazed way and looks about her.] But no! How can I be mistaken? These things are real. [She touches the corn, the pumpkin, the apple.] Ah, what memories cluster round

them! I can see again the fields of waving corn. And how my Pilgrims did love pumpkin pie! Poor little cooks! What stacks of yellow pie they had to bake! And I do believe here is an arrow stuck in this soft pine. What Indian bow shot that, I wonder? And these beautiful autumn leaves, already dressed in their yellows and reds. I love the autumn. No, I am not dreaming. But what hand put them here? [She looks around.] But I see no one. I will rest here on this couch.

She sinks onto a couch, rests her head, and loses herself in thought. The Little People of the Wood slip quietly in and stand behind her, gently fanning her with bright autumn leaves. Suddenly the Elf, who leads them, adventures nearer her, peers into her face, and exclaims at sight of it.

The Elf.

Sh! She sleeps.

Little People.

Softly.

It is the time! It is the time!

The Elf.

What dreams shall we give her?

Little People.

All softly clapping their hands.

Come, Spirits of the Years, regale her dreams.

The Spirit of the Past appears.

Spirit.

I am the Spirit of the Past. What wouldest thou have?

Little People.

The Spirit of the Mayflower is here and lies a-dream. Unscroll for her the years that are no more.

The Spirit of the Past lays his sickle down with a clang, and at the noise a company of Indian warriors glide in, bearing in their hands a beautiful little

model ship, masted with tiny flags. This they set on a table prepared for it, and then they dance a war dance and stand aside. Hidden voices begin to sing "America, the Beautiful," and at the verse, "O, beautiful for Pilgrim feet," five Pilgrims appear and stand in line. See "Directions" for Indian dance.

Spirit of the Past.

Whence come ye, friends?

Pilgrims.

Courtesying.

From the good ship Mayflower, O Spirit. We are Pilgrims but lately landed.

Spirit.

O, then will you tell us of your coming?

First Pilgrim.

Sad were our hearts in our old home, England. One kind of Church only we had, and we could not love its rules. They seemed not right and holy to us, and the harsh king who made us keep to them we could not abide. How we longed for freedom! We would be pure. We would worship the good God as it seemed to us right. And so, in the fair Mayflower, we went forth from home and friends. On over the blue Atlantic and through her storm-tossed billows, oftentimes near to wrecking, we came, even unto the bleak shores of New England. A coast desolate and cold it was, with pine trees that whispered solemnly in the wind and great rocks that hid themselves in deep shadows. And among the whispering pines and deep in the heart of the dark shadows dwelt a tribe of dusky red men who were wont to give us trouble what time they were not showing us how to plant our crops for food. In such a place we built our homes and reared our families—Plymouth, we called it, after our dear Plymouth in England. Here, too, we met with trials and hardships, sickness, death. Famine and Want stalked among us, until one-half our number slept in graves by the seashore.

Second Pilgrim.

A minister in a black robe and carrying a prayer book.

But we endured, and the stout hearts of the Pilgrims forgot not to thank the good Lord for his mercies. After each trial the Pilgrims sang their hymns of praise and spoke their prayers to the Almighty God who had led them to a new land. And when our town was built, we failed not to remember the Lord's day. On that day we wended our ways to the town meetinghouse and gave ourselves to his worship. At the beat of a drum or the blast of a conch shell or the ring of a bell, upon the stroke of nine by the clock, we laid our guns to our shoulders and marched thither. A flag, symbolizing to us freedom and liberty, waved above the church, and a fence of stakes about its door and a guard standing near to warn of danger, signified protection. So we combined wisdom and worship. Now, too, was born the first Thanksgiving Day by law.

Third Pilgrim.

Brother, that is mine to tell. In the springtime of the second year at Plymouth, I, William Bradford, was made Governor. The autumn came. There were bushels of golden corn; there were peas and a small share of barley. For our bountiful fruits our hearts were filled with praise and thanksgiving; and so I, the Governor, made proclamation that for our blessings we should hold a time of thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father. Forthwith into the forest went four good marksmen from among us and brought back an abundance of ducks and wild turkeys. One hundred of our Indian friends came to make merry with us, bringing with them four large deer. This gave us meat in plenty, and such a feasting there was! And withal a time of "praise and rejoicing." Thus was born the first Thanksgiving in America.

Pilgrim Women.

Nay, forget us not, good Governor. Were they not our hands that baked and brewed and spread the feasts for the hungry mouths? We had much merriment behind the scenes,

for we thought never to get you filled. Forget not, too, that it was our good hearts that were stout to bleed in the cause of freedom along with ye.

Pilgrim Men.

Aye, we forget it not. We forget it not.

A loud knocking is heard at the door.

Spirit of the Past.

Who knocks? Enter friend.

Spirit of the Present.

Entering.

It is I, the Spirit of the Present. My hour has come. I can wait no longer.

The Past.

And who are these who follow thee?

The Present.

Proudly.

My children.

She opens the door for them, and they enter one at a time.

First Child.

I am come from Japan, the Sunrise Kingdom.

She bows and stands aside.

Second Child.

I am a child of the one-time Hermit Land, Korea, the far-away.

She stands by the first Immigrant, Japan.

Third Child.

From the grape-scented vineyards of Italy I come.

Stands with others.

Fourth Child.

A daughter of Abraham am I, from the snowy hills of Russia.

Fifth Child.

And I have left my rice fields of China to come hither.

Sixth Child.

From the sacred hills of Greece I come. Hard by my home Olympus rears his head, where, 'tis said, dwells the great god Zeus, who rules the world.

All stand in a row and repeat together:

"We are childred from across the sea,
Little immigrants are we.
At freedom's call, in truth, we came,
And now America, as home, we claim."

Enter quietly a white child, a colored girl, and an Indian maid. They say together:

This is our home also, for were we not born here? And now it is yours too, little comers from across the sea. We are so glad! Children of one home, now we are little sisters. See? How splendid!

The children raise United States flags and, with colors flying, march in pretty circles about the stage, then stand at center front and sing "There are many flags in many lands." (See "Directions.")

Past and Present.

Speaking in concert.

Spirit of the Future, where art thou?

Future.

I come! I come!

She appears alone, carrying a wreath.

Past and Present.

And thy children, where are they?

Future.

Here are my children. [She gathers the children of the Past and Present about her.] You, O Years, will grant me yours. I shall need no others. The Future depends on the Past and Present.

The Spirit of Thanksgiving glides in at the rear and listens.

The Three Years.

Catch hands and say together.

Together we will work; together we will hope.

Spirit of Thanksgiving.

Aside, speaking happily.

The years are one at last! My time is come! Let me go forward. [She comes to the front.] Ah, here at last!

All turn to her.

The Years.

Who art thou?

Thanksgiving.

The Spirit of Thanksgiving. Now that you love each other I am here. I have waited long. Ah, what is this? [She steps to the table and lifts to view the little boat the Indians have set there.] A boat? Who placed it here?

The Years.

Let the Red Men speak.

An Indian

Coming forward.

It is the little Mayflower for the Spirit who has come. [He waves to the Spirit who lies asleep.] The Red Men of the Wood who once hated her have brought it. Let it speak to her of the new hearts that now beat in their bosoms. The mind of the Red Man once did not understand. Was it not the White Face who robbed him of his wigwam fires, of his

lands, of his shining waters, of his forests of dark trees? And when the Red Man forgot and was kind and taught the White Man the secrets of his yellow corn and how to grow it in the fields, did not the White Man give him back for these the white fire water that put a tiger in his blood? And in the night the tiger sprang, and the White Man shivered in his bed to hear the tiger's scream, Then the White Man got his gun, and there was war. But now all things are changed. Across the dry meadow of the Red Man's heart has flowed the River of Love. It is the White Man who has given him his schools, the prayer of his papoose in his wigwam, and, best of all, the great Book of strange writings, through which the good God speaks to the heart of the Red Man. The Great Spirit has remembered his Red Child once more, and the hate has gone out of his heart. The Redskin and the Paleface dwell together now as brothers. And so we bring the little gift. It is our love for the Mayflower.

Thanksgiving.

Smilingly.

A beautiful token, Red Man of the Wood. And has no one sailed the boat?

All.

No one has sailed the boat.

Little People of the Wood.

Chanting.

O, who will sail the new Mayflower,
The new Mayflower,
The new Mayflower to-day?

The Years begin to make excuses for not having sailed the boat.

The Years.

In concert.

It was not seemly that we sail the boat.

The Past.

Apologetically.

I [waves toward Indians] gave the boat.

Lifts boat to view.

The Present.

And I gathered mankind into one home, and so I poured the Waters of the Sea of Brotherhood on which to sail it.

As she speaks she dips hand into the water on which boat will sail that all may see it.

The Future.

I shall make men love each other in that home, and everywhere, and so I twined the wreath of fellowship about its waters.

Puts wreath of evergreen about the vessel in which the water is.

Little People of the Wood.

Gleefully.

But they none could sail the boat,

They none could sail the boat!

A magic hand it is that sails a magic boat!

All.

In concert.

Let Thanksgiving sail the boat.

Thanksgiving.

Then I will sail the boat! [She holds it up again.] O little boat, fashioned from the Flowers of Faith, masted with the Sails of Hope, and launched by the Hand of Love, on this thy Sea of Brotherhood, sail out to all the world and lay thy Wreath of Fellowship around the hearts of all its peoples. Let there be love and faith and hope and free life for all. So shalt thou, little one, carry out thy mission to keep alive the Spirit of the Mayflower that gave thee birth.

All sing "America" as she launches the boat and with last verse form line, flags flying, and pass from sight.

Mayflower.

Sitting up.

O, what a pretty dream I have had! The world loves me, after all. The Years have kept the faith I gave them. But O, it was only a dream! And yet—what is this I see? It is the little ship, the token! And it sails! It sails! Then it was no dream, but a true vision!

She kisses the boat and holds it from her that she may see it the better. As she does this, the Years, with their children, together with the Little People of the Wood, steal in and, arranging themselves in a V-shape at her sides and behind her, according to height, give a tableau with colored lights.

Curtain.

NOTE.—A simple flag drill would add attractiveness to the play, if used just before the last verse of "America" is sung and the children pass from the stage. March Brothers, Lebanon, Ohio, can furnish such a drill, or David C. Cook Publishing Company, Elgin, Ill., gives a very pretty one in his "Washington's Birthday Exercise Book" (five cents), if simplified to suit play.

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

Spirit of the Mayflower.
The Little People of the Wood (five girls).
The Woodland Elf (boy).
Spirit of the Past (boy).
The Indian Directors of Stage Decoration (two boys).
Spirit of the Present (girl).
Spirit of the Future (girl).
Spirit of Thanksgiving (girl).
The Indian Heralds of the Past (four boys).
The Pilgrims (two girls and three boys).
The Immigrants (six girls).
Natives of America (three girls).

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

Costumes.

Spirit of Mayflower: In soft silvery-gray drapery, empire style, and with train, crown, and star of silver, and carrying lighted candle in hand, which she sets on table before she goes to sleep in a chair. As mystical a figure as possible. Hair powdered white.

Spirit of Past: An old man in black robe and flowing white hair. Carries sickle in his hand.

Spirit of Present: Dressed as Columbia, in national colors (U. S.) and gold crown. Carries large United States flag.

Spirit of Future: In turquoise blue drapery with silver cord crossed on breast, passing to rear and back to front with tassled ends tied in front. Silver crown

sprinkled with snow sparkle (which may be made to stick with library paste). Carries in hand silver wand tipped with star, in other hand a large green wreath of cedar or evergreen (size of basin on table). A chiffon veil, spangled with silver, flies from shoulders as she walks.

Spirit of Thanksgiving: In white drapery, with crimson trimmings (cord bound around breast, hair flying and small crimson cap on top of head, gold star in center front of cap and around the lower edge of cap, and from beneath the star a drapery of white chiffon falling (veil). Carries golden wand and basket of fruit (red apples).

Indian: In khaki and fringe and feathers, usual Indian style. Moccasins for feet. Carry bow and arrow and tomahawk. In Indian drill, when warriors first appear, they wear striped shawls or blankets, bordered with fringe. Skin should be stained brown. Black cheesecloth slit into strings, braided and attached to black skull cap will give black hair effect. A head band should be worn with this to cover defects. Indian girl wears same colored cloth as boys, but her costume is, of course, a short skirt with double fringe around bottom and tunic-like middy blouse left loose and open in front. Fringe is at bottom of tunic, around armholes, and anywhere else that seems to suggest its appropriateness.

Little People of the Wood: In real autumn leaf dresses, with cap of leaves pinned together to match, and autumn leaf fans, stockings, and sandals to correspond. Colors should be deep yellow (orange) and red (dark). Or, if real leaves are not available, use crepe paper in these colors. Make underdress of the red, having skirt a succession of full frills that will fluff out as child moves. Then over this wear jacket of yellow made in shape of large maple or oak leaf, the stem of leaf pointing to neck of dress. Cut double, for front and back. Fasten on shoulders and slip over head to get on. Tie together loosely under arms where the leaf points occur, leaving loose around bottom of jacket. Let jacket reach below waist, midway the first red frill of skirt. There should be no sleeves. Yellow stockings, red shoes. Head band of small red and yellow leaves (paper) on head for cap. Carry red or yellow paper leaf fan. Lay fans down when drill occurs. Cover the Spirit of Mayflower with fans after she sleeps. Let Elf wear tights of red drawn high under his arms, red belt, red suspenders, crossed in back, yellow shirt (with long sleeves), red skullcap. His tights, of course, reach to his ankles. Shoes of cloth with pointed toes, covered with yellow crepe paper or made of real yellow cloth, should cover his feet. Ladies' red silk stockings (large size and long) may do for tights if very small boy is playing part. In drill, where Elf impersonates the Wind, he should run out and cover himself with costume suggested in "Directions for Drill."

Pilgrims: Boys—Large dark hats, straight jackets, white collars and cuffs (big collars), knee trousers, and low shoes. Let one wear cape. Carry old-fashioned guns.

Girls—Bronze-brown cambric gowns, tight-fitting waists, long, full skirts, white Puritan muslin caps, wide white cuffs, white neckerchief. Carry Bibles.

Immigrants: (1) Japan—Bright-flowered kimono, large sleeves, and wide sash tied in back with large bow. Hair, high, loose knot, with fancy hairpins (representing fans, etc.). Japanese parasol. Very red lips.

(2) Korea—Baggy trousers (full), made of white, and extending to ankles. Outer skirt (blue, pink, or yellow), with no seam in back, goes on over trousers like a big apron. This is tied on with strings of same material, which lap over in back and tie in front. Low-necked jacket (same material as outer skirt, with elbow sleeves, and tied in front with two sets of tape strings of same material. Girls dress.

(3) China: Blue cotton cloth; long trousers; short coat coming just below the hips and fastening with loops of tape onto knotted tape buttons on right side and up to throat. Sleeves straight and knot into tight cuff at wrists.

(4) Russia—Thick winter dress of dark material; a dark, heavy coat, high-necked, with fluffy white fur (real fur or canton flannel with furry side up, or cotton with seeds out) around collar, cuffs, and front and hem of coat. Coat buttons slightly to left side in front and is long, about three inches from bottom of dress. Black shoes and stockings. Dark fur cap, round in shape, and fitting far down on head. If preferable, use lighter costume: wide, full skirt of dark material, very long; light-colored waist, extending below waste line in flounce; gay apron in front (not all round hips), and almost to bottom of skirt, with wide and narrow bands across bottom. Let bands be of contrasting material. Three-cornered shawl or veil so tied over head that ends fall on shoulders. Color, black or dark.

(5) Italy—White oblong piece covering head and shoulders in back. White guimpe with puff sleeves to elbow where long cuff begins and reaches to wrist. Cuff is same material as dress—brown. A brown dress without sleeves now goes on. It is a rich bronze-brown bordering on yellow. Skirt is full and down to ankles. Small, long apron in front of deeper brown, with bands of light embroidery across bottom. Brown corselet, like apron and cuffs, around waist. Tan shoes.

(6) Natives—Modern American white child in usual costume, preferably white; American Negro child in usual dress. Indian maid in khaki and fringe. Indian headdress, or hair in two plaits in front and bright bandeau around head.

(7) Greek—Persian yellow stocking cap with long tassel. Wide sash of same color tied in loose knot without bow at left front. Pale yellow or cream skirt scarcely coming to knees and very full and flaring. Plain waist of same. Green Eton jacket with standing collar, military style, long sleeves of usual width, without cuff. Front and cuffs of jacket embroidered in lighter shades. Black hose. Orange red shoes (same as sash and cap), long and pointed, with points turned up.

Note.—All the characters given are for girls, except the Indian warriors, the Spirit of the Past, the first three Pilgrims who speak, and the two Indians who help decorate, and, of course, the Elf. Choose children for the parts who can wear the colors suggested.

STAGE ARRANGEMENT.

Scene 1.—Stage bare except for couch to one side and a table. If desirable. wreaths from Scene 2 may be suspended before this scene opens.

Scene 2.—(After little people have decorated.)

Couch at center back and covered with leaf-green crepe paper tacked on.

(Put couch to one side of stage, if better for drills.) Bank back of stage with pine boughs and autumn foliage, with here and there a cornstalk with dry ear of corn on it. Set couch out from wall a bit. At one end of it place a pumpkin with an apple (very red) on its summit; at other end set table which is covered with green crepe paper, like couch. On the table place a small tin foot basin of water. Previously have basin draped with same green paper the couch and table wear. Red apples might be placed just in front of green basin. The basin is for the little boat to sail in. White paper might do well to drape it with, since there is to be put around it a green wreath from the hand of the Spirit of the Future. Make this wreath large enough to fit basin, or it might be open on one side and tied together so that it may be easily placed around basin and tied again.

Just above the couch hang by wire two wreaths of green of different sizes, the smaller above the larger, and both laid horizontally or with flat sides parallel to floor. Colored streamers of yellow and red run from upper wreath to which they are attached through the under and larger wreath and out to corners of stage in festoons that droop lowest immediately over the couch. One or two may fall to floor at each end of couch. Wreaths at the sides of stage may receive ends of festoons and hold them in place. These wreaths may all be hung previous to the first entrance of the Spirit of the Mayflower, but do not insert the festoons until the Little People and the Indians decorate. Do not have the couch and table in place at first, either. Let the basin be hidden until the Little People bring it out and place it. Let the little decorators, too, place conspicuously in view an old-fashioned gun that is broken, or at least that is not capable of shooting. An Indian arrow also may be sticking prominently from wood-work. If the hardest of this decorating is done before the play begins, the curtain need not drop for the decorating. It would prove interesting for the audience to see the Little People and the Indians doing it. The Indians will do the heaviest and highest of it. The festoons may pass under and over the first wreath to which they are attached and their ends pinned down. This will not be hard to do. Otherwise a decorating committee should be formed to help and the curtain dropped just when the Little People have brought in the Indians, and raised again as quickly as possible, showing them all again ready for the leaf drill, which the happy Little People give when the work is done. If a committee helps, and the curtain has to go down, a patriotic march should be played while the stage is being arranged.

Tableau lights for tableau at end, tinsel, snow sparkle, and any other accessories needed may be ordered and quickly received from March Brothers, Lebanon, Ohio.

DRILLS.

1. *Leaf Drill for Little People of the Wood.*

Music throughout must be suitable for small children, four-four time, and not too fast, except where they are swirling.

1. March to left, single file thus: From center front to left, down left side, across rear of stage, up right side across front, where they stand in line, all marking time till the end of line is in row at front. Halt.

2. Hands on each other's shoulders. Line backward march to rear of stage; forward to front. Halt.

3. Drop hands. Raise arms up and down, moving fingers quickly to represent fluttering leaves.

4. Bend down and tap with fingers on floor to represent raindrops pattering. Position.

5. Sway as tree trunks in wind—left, right—raising arms the while to represent limbs of trees. Let Elf run out in front of line and represent wind. Runs to left, then to right, trees swaying in direction he goes.

6. Leaves flutter down. Children turn around and around fall to ground.

7. Wind catches each one singly and whirls it around and to ground.

8. Then all catch hands, the wind catching that of the foremost and pulling line up after him. He leads them into a spiral march on each side of stage in succession. (Be careful with this spiral that the spaces between the marching lines, as they go in and out, may not be so narrow as to cause confusion from contact.)

9. Form circle, now, wind in center, but do not hold hands. Let each child turn herself round and round as if carried in air by wind, as whole circle moves bodily, thus turning, to corner of stage, where they fall in heap, as a drift of leaves in woods. Wind runs out door. Leaves remain here until Spirit of May-flower comes and lies on couch. Then get up and fan her to sleep. Elf goes out to take off costume as Wind. Reappears and joins others at couch.

Note 1.—Draw figures that are intricate on floor with chalk, so that children may follow them without blunder.

Note 2.—For this drill use as many Little People of the Wood as will make the figures effective. If six, the number designated, seems too scant, others may join them just for the drill and then go away.

Note 3.—At the beginning of the drill the Elf may run out and put on a robe made of a succession of slit crepe paper frills (on cloth foundation). These slits will blow out as he moves and make him look "blustery" like the wind. Don't have short frills.

2. *Indian Drill.*

Music slow and measured, though it increases in swiftness as each new movement is made by the chief who leads.

1. Indians steal in one by one quietly and not too close together as to time of appearance.

2. Leading chief strikes pitch of chant (if used) and leads march in circle, throwing heels high. (Single file. Make circuit twice.) Halt.

3. Same as before, only quicker movement and music. Halt.

4. Leader gives loud grunt, chants louder, and marches, knees high at each step. Halt.

5. Hands to eyes to see who comes.

6. Ears to ground to hear who comes.

7. With louder grunt and chant, the others imitating, leader marches in quicker time. Second round catches foot in hand and hops, chanting weirdly. Halt, foot down.

8. (Higher pitch, quicker time.) March, throw blankets to ground (out of way), raise head, beat breast, and lift knees high. Halt.

9. Lift bow and arrow to shooting position.

10. Flourish tomahawk.

11. Catch foot and hop again in circle, then to side of stage, where, in unison, they all exclaim "Ugh!" and burst out laughing.

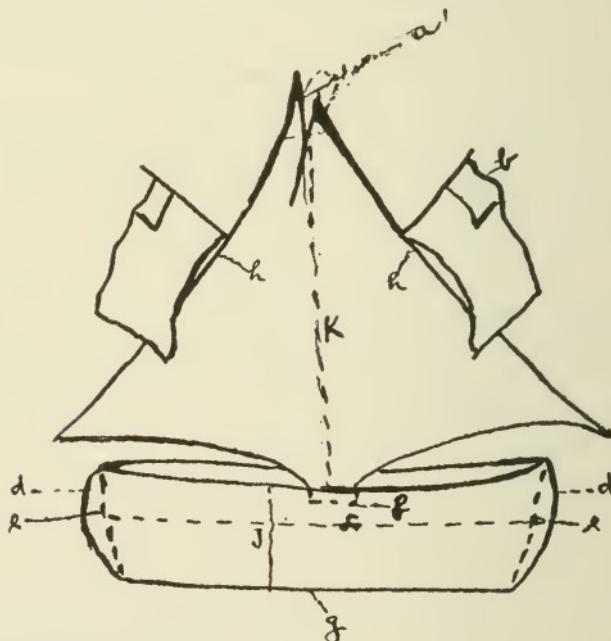
They now watch proceedings.

Note.—The chant in connection with the steps is much more effective than without it, but the drill may be given without that. Should Indian music be desired, order "Hiawatha Dramatized," March Brothers, Lebanon, Ohio, at twenty-five cents a copy. Music without chant will be found in that little booklet on page 44; with chant, on page 40.

The blankets should be large, striped, with fringe as border, and are worn around shoulders. Let Indians throw them to side of stage to which they are going when drill is over, so that they will not have to pick them up as they hop away at last. Throwing them a distance will add frenzy to the act, anyway. They might even grunt as they do it.

The Indian costume is so well known that it scarcely needs a description. It may be bought at any department store. Use headdress of feathers and Indian make-up for face.

THE MAYFLOWER MODEL SHIP.



Dimensions, $6 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Materials.

1. Construction paper (white) such as is used in manual training arts. Any thick, hard-finished surface paper will do.
2. Two three-inch United States flags.
3. Tube of library paste, ten-cent size.

MODEL MAYFLOWER SHIP.

4. Small piece of soft white pine, the length of boat. A piece of ordinary school chalk box will do.
5. Five thumb tacks.
6. Pair of small scissors.

Directions for Making.

1. Draw ship before cutting. Outline first the bottom (the boat part). To do this fold paper at *g*; draw *d*, the curve at each end, and the dotted line *e*. Fold on dotted line, and paste the flaps *d* down, the one on the other. (The paper being doubled, there will be a flap on each side of the end of the boat; consequently, two flaps to each end. These are the ones to paste on each other.) Make height of boat, *J*, one inch; the length of boat, *L*, from dotted line to dotted line, seven and a half inches. Curve top as given.

2. *The Sails.*—Draw in shape given and cut out. Let *h*, the direct length from top-tip to side-tip be five inches on a side. Draw flaps to bottom of each of two sails at *f*. When sails are cut, paste *f* to boat, to sail to each side of boat, as shown. Paste tips together at top, *a*, leaving other tips of sails tree. Paste or pin at *h* to hold in place flags, the poles of which have been inserted between sails on each side. Make height of sales *k*, five inches.

3. *The Decorations.*—Buy two small flags and place as shown. If desirable, cover sides of boat with small flowers (white or blue forget-me-nots torn apart, so as to look like a fairy flower boat). Or a wreath around the upper rim of boat might do. Flatten boat at base, *g*, and from inside tack, thus flattened, to piece of pine. Use the thumb tacks for this. The pine will protect the base of boat from water and hold base flat so that it will sit squarely on water. If necessary, insert stiff paper between sides of boat to keep them open, or if boat appears too light in weight, insert weight into its bottom.

—Alleine Fridy.

LOVE GIFTS AT SMITHSVILLE.

A Christmas dialogue for Intermediate boy and two girls.

Enter Santa, in his furs. He falls through the open doorway onto the stage and scrambles up hurriedly.

Santa.

Gee whiz! Wasn't that a tumble, though? [He looks around.] My, but I'm glad that Mrs. Santa isn't here yet

to hear me say that! "Hush, sir," she would say; "such speech doesn't become one of your dignity," and if I were going to get any peace out of life, I'd have to hush. You know how women are. But she's not here now, and I'll say it as much as I want to. Gee whiz! Gee whiz! Gee whiz! Gee-mi-net-ty-y-y! [He jumps up and cracks his heels together as an accompaniment.] You would say it, too, boys and girls, if you knew what had just happened. How would you like to have on your winged boots and cap that made you invisible and be flying around like me to-day, seeing who was ready for you and chimney time, when, bump! there you are against a stone turret in the air; and before you know yourself, whif-f-f! you go zissing down to earth and bounce through this doorway? How would you like that, I say? Hey? Well, that is what has just happened to me and Mrs. Santa Claus. For she was with me—up yonder in the air—right over that mill there. I tumbled in here, but she hit the ground a bit more gracefully and rested just in front of the mill. Why, she's on her feet now—look!—and does not seem a bit hurt. I'll bet you a quarter she'll get up a conversation with that little girl there. It would be just like her to do it. She is talking to her. See? And she is bringing her in here. Gee! I must hide. She'll be tongue-lashing me for not hitting on my feet after that fall, as she did. [Peeps out again.] Well, I'll be jiggered! Look at that costume she's got on now. If she hasn't changed her looks so that that little girl won't know she is Mrs. Santa Claus and blab on her ahead of time! [He stands peering and holding his sides and laughing until he hears footfalls, and then he hides.]

Enter Mrs. Santa dressed as old woman and wearing a bonnet of dark material. At her side appears a little girl from the mill district.

Mrs. Santa.

Dearie, can you tell me what mill this is?

Girl.

Why, it's Smithsville. Be you a newcomer?

Mrs. Santa.

Yes; and I don't know much about the place. Do you live live here?

Girl.

Points to house on hillside.

Yep; yonner.

Mrs. Santa.

Excitedly.

There! Why, I see rows and rows of them, and all alike, inside and out, even to the garbage can on the back steps. There's not even a mite of a shade tree to make one front yard look different from another. Why, my dear, how do you know your house from all the others? How do you know when you get home?

Girl.

Humph! That's easy. A body's house sets to 'em like clothes. They'd know it anywheres.

Mrs. Santa.

How many of you live there?

Girl.

Six, 'sides pa and ma.

Mrs. Santa.

Six! In that small house?

Girl.

They ain't but three rooms, and one of them is a kitchen. But we piles up to sleep. There's plenty of room, only sis, she's got consumption in bed. She cotched it in the mill. Lint and dus' flies so in there, and the boss don't 'low no wunders h'isted on account the looms won't run right then. You can ketch anything there, 'cause everybody has to cough; besides, they all comes right out in the cold, all het up as they' wus in the mill, to go home nights and so gits colds.

Mrs. Santa.

Do you work in the mill, too?

Girl.

Nope. I ain't old enough. Wisht I wus.

Mrs. Santa.

Do you go to school?

Girl.

Who, me? Not on your life! Leastways, I ain't been but this year for a while when the law made us go. But I stopped quick as I could. You don' need no learnin' to work in a mill. You allus gits along. Naw, sir, not me!

Mrs. Santa.

Why isn't the mill running now?

Girl.

Christmas. Didn' you know that?

Mrs. Santa.

Do you have good times then?

Girl.

Bet yo' bones we do.

Mrs. Santa.

What do you do?

Girl.

The big uns dances and treats at the sody fountains and goes to picture shows and vaudevilles. Us little ones slips in behind 'em when we can. Yonner come some now. Listen at 'em laugh; and I do b'lieve every hide-and-tallow of 'ems got chewin' gum. Ef they ain't, though! But them's I've been talking about is gals' stunts. The men does more. They kin set roundst the grocery store and autymobile shops and crack jokes with the car drivers, and for Christmas Day they gits tanked up wid tea and paints de town red—that is, when they kin git it; but the government won't sell it to 'em

now. But, anyways, lot's of 'em sets under that bridge over yonner and plays cyards and makes heaps of money.

Mrs. Santa.

And what is that small boy doing here?

Girl.

Who, Jake Dobbs? Nothin' but suckin' the stump of a cigarette somebody's throwed down. All the boys hunts 'em. They ain' no man a tall, lessen they smokes and chews and cusses.

Mrs. Santa.

And do you all like to do these things?

Girl.

Cose. That's what anybody works for, to git money to do 'em. Wisht I's big enough now.

Mrs. Santa.

And do you know what holiday this is?

Girl.

Sho'. It's Christmas. But that don' cut no ice with us. Holidays is holidays. One's good as another. Name ain' nothin'. [Gets up to go.] But I hafter go. Ma's a-callin' me.

Mrs. Santa.

Well, good-by, dearie, if you must go. Much obliged. [Mrs. Santa, seated in rocking-chair, remains a few minutes longer, rocking and moaning, handkerchief to her eyes.] O, dreadful! dreadful! There is no way to change them. They're so satisfied. Whatever, whatever shall we do?

Santa slips out from his hiding place, stands looking sorrowfully at her for a moment as she cries; then his face lights up and, he glides out.

SCENE II.

Next morning Santa comes in, looks around for Mrs. Santa.

Santa.

What, has she not come back yet? I bet you would like

to know what a good time I had last night and this morning. You would, eh? Well, you see, I can't stand to see Mrs. Santa cry; and when I saw her sitting there in that chair last night rocking and crying over that little ignorant girl it made my heart ache, until suddenly I had a thought and went out to act on it. I put on my things and went down to the soda fountain and stood there a long time with a big card tacked on me with these words on it; "Children! Children! Nails at the Wesley House. Bring your stockings and hang them up. See what happens. Santa Claus." At first they wouldn't believe me. The children would come in crowds to peep at me through the doors and windows to see if I were there and had said that. I had the fun of my life watching the little street toughs perched on one foot each and peering at me from behind the doorknobs. Gradually they slunk in and pinched and thumped and knocked me and then shot on home with the news. It was then that Mrs. Santa found me. As I stepped into the dark to go home and invite her to go with me to hang the stockings, she nabbed my arm: "What are you up to now? What are you doing here at this soda fountain? A person of your dignity"— "O, dignity rot!" I exclaimed. "Can't you let a fellow alone? I was going to surprise you. Didn't I see you up yonder crying because you couldn't make these old folks here appreciate Christmas and understand what really good times are? 'Let the old folks be,' I said to myself. 'Nobody can do anything with them, but the children are the ones. Teach them what you want them to know.' And so I came down here to start things with them. It was all for you, and here you are fussing at me because I didn't stay at home." And I told her all my plans. By that time we were at the Wesley House, and so were the stockings, rows and rows of them. You never saw the like, and such funny colors too—all the way from pea green to turkey red! Mrs. Santa and I nearly split our sides filling them. By and by we were through and were resting, when, tramp! tramp! came the noise of hurrying feet. "My, my!" I exclaimed. "They are coming to get them, and light is hardly broken in the sky. Step behind that cutrain, my dear.

Hurry, or they will see you." And we hid quickly. You never saw such running and jumping and scrambling as we had then. It was a long time before Miss Page, who was "boss" of the place, could quiet them, and then she told the sweet old story of the shepherds, the star in the East, the heavenly host, and the little Lord Jesus. I wish you could have heard the way she told it. Not a sound was heard, for many of them had never been told things like that before. After the story they sang carols. "Dearies," said Miss Page, "let's slip out and sing softly these carols from door to door to our fathers and mothers." And so they marched from house to house singing "Hosanna!" and chanting "Merry Christmas." I can hear them yet. Listen! [Puts hand to ear and bends forward to catch the sound. Soft, low voices at one doorway of the stage sing the first stanza of "Silent Night," then voices from the other doorway catch up the strain and sing second stanza to imitate far-away singing.] Wasn't that beautiful? Finally they got back to the house, and when we had distributed the stockings and were breaking ranks Mrs. Santa exclaimed: "Why, where is Jakie Dodds? Why isn't he here?" "O, he's been tuk up fer cussin'," a small voice at her elbow piped. "An' he's in the lock-up now." "Cursing? In the lock-up? On Christmas morning! Why, he must not be left out to-day. We must go down and do something for him," said Mrs. Santa. "It ain't no use," said the same little tones. "He wouldn't let yer. He don' b'leeve in yer. He says they ain't no sure-'nuff Santy. Tain't nothin' but a person, fer he's seen him." "A person! Such a mistake! Poor Jakie!" Mrs. Santa exclaimed. "He can't be happy that way. We'll have to teach him better." And she was off. That was when I lost her, and of course I expected to find her here waiting for me. Where can she be? Hark! Isn't that somebody coming? [Goes to door.] Sh! It's Mrs. Santa. I'm going to pretend I'm angry that she wasn't here long ago.

Enter Mrs. Santa dreamily and sits down.

Santa.

Where have you been to be straggling in at this hour?

Don't you know there's nothing to eat in the house? We've carried everything, everything out of this house to other folks. Now what are we going to do ourselves? Answer me that. What are we going to do? Can't you talk? Just sit there then and let me starve"—

Mrs. Santa.

O, Santa, if you had just been with me to see what I've been seeing!

Santa.

Aside.

Just listen to that now. You can't faze her. She doesn't know I've been quarreling. Bless her heart! I'll quit pretending. [He turns to Mrs. Santa.] Hey, what's that? What is it you have been seeing? Where have you been? I lost you.

Mrs. Santa.

Smiles.

I have been to the guardhouse.

Santa.

To the guardhouse? You! Who took you there I'd like to know?

Mrs. Santa.

Nobody. I took myself there. I went to see poor Jakie Dodds. You remember the poor child who was taken up for cursing and wasn't going to have any Christmas and who didn't believe there was a Santa Claus? I've been to see him. When you lost me, that's where I was, inside that jail, sitting flat on the floor with Jakie's head in my lap, and my hand was pushing back his stiff little locks from his forehead. But Jakie didn't know it; he was sound asleep. All at once he opened his eyes and saw, not me, but a room full of the most wonderful brightness—he told me about it—and out of it

drifted a dazzling white throne, all starry and twinkling, and the light about it all softened and dissolved into tender angels' faces. The air was flooded with bursts of angel music such as Jakie had never dreamed of before. Then there came another ripple of music, and Jakie saw the most beautiful angel of them all step out and take from the foot of the throne a tiny bundle of light and fly away down, down to the earth and there lay it in the arms of a lovely woman with beautiful hair, who lay sleeping in a stable because there was no room elsewhere. The angel whispered gently to her: "Mary, the Christ Child, the little Lord Jesus, a gift of joy and light for Jakie Dodds and the world!" And then he flew back again through the melodies that were floating still down. And lo, the Voice spoke again. "Who took my precious gift to earth?" it asked. Into all the faces there a new light shone as they bowed and sang, "Love, love took the gift." "And do they all receive it?" asked the Voice again. "How shall we teach the children to revere and honor it?" And once more the angels worshiped and said: "Love will find a way."

Santa.

And did Jakie understand?

Mrs. Santa.

O, he did, and that's the sweet part of it all. He saw his mistake and has gone to tell all Smithsville. He felt that, although he had been in the lock-up, he had had the most beautiful time of anybody. He came to understand that in keeping and living with the gift love had brought, which gift is the Christ, he and all Smithsville might have a truly good time on Christmas Day and all the days. Wasn't that worth going to the guardhouse to see—that Jakie should learn this lesson?

Mrs. Santa goes out.

Santa.

She is so happy over that, now, that she has gone in yonder to cry, I'll bet you a brass monkey. Crying because she's

glad! Women are strange things! But I'm sort of tickled, too. Halle-lu-jah!

He shouts this and runs off the stage.

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL?

An Easter entertainment for children from five to ten years of age.

CHARACTERS.

Nature's children (small primary children): Two violets, two crocuses, two robins (or bluebirds), two bunnies, four lily spirits.

Foreign children in our land (older Primary or young Junior children): A little Syrian girl, a Chinese boy, an Eskimo (boy or girl), a little Japanese girl.

Christian boys and girls (ten or more of the older Primary or first-year Junior boys and girls).

COSTUMES.

The Robins: Brown stockings; brown, tight-fitting knickerbockers of cambric; a red vest, whole in front; a capelike coat of brown cambric cut with a long broad tail, the cape extending over the shoulders in the form of wings. This coat should be lined with stiffening or wired to keep the shape of the pointed wings and tail. The hands may slip through bands on the inside of the wings, thus holding the coat on and confining the wings to the arms. On the head is a darker brown headpiece, like a boy's rubber rain hat, coming down to the shoulders. The front has a little peak reaching down to the nose, covered with yellow paper to simulate the bill, eyes of yellow disks with black centers are pasted on the sides of the cap. No shoes need be worn.

The Bunnies: A child's one-piece pajama suit made with feet and buttoning behind will answer. A little upstanding tail of raw cotton is sewed on at the back. On the head is a tight-fitting cap of white Canton, joined to the neck of the pajama suit, on which are long, upright ears of white, lined with pink cambric and wired into shape. On the sides of the cap are pasted disks of pale blue, oval in shape, with large, black centers. More natural-looking bunnies may be suggested by dyeing an old white pajama suit brown or making a brown Canton pajama suit with feet and head and ears to match. The tail in this case would also be white cotton.

The Violets: Little full dresses of dark purple cheesecloth, very short-waisted, vandyked around the bottom and unhemmed. Three stiff petals of violet-colored cambric are fastened around the very short waist in front, while two similar petals stand upright from the shoulders behind, like wings turned flat to the front. These petals will, of course, need to be wired. On the head is worn a little pointed hood of deep yellow cambric, flaring back from the face with an orange-colored facing to represent the heart of a violet. There are no sleeves or only cap puffs. Cheap white stockings may be died to match. No shoes are necessary. Instead of this costume the violets may be dressed simply in little full short-waisted cheesecloth dresses of violet color, the skirt caught

up with artificial violets, and violets in the hair. The stockings should match the dress.

The Crocuses: These children wear a chalcelike green cap, a tight-fitting, very short waist, and tiny cap sleeves of green cambric, and a skirt of yellow cambric in petal form; yellow stockings to match. Or the Crocus children may be dressed simply in little full dresses of yellow cheesecloth, festooned with paper crocuses; yellow crocuses in the hair, and yellow stockings (cheap white ones dyed).

The Lily Spirits: Long white dresses of cheesecloth, short-waisted, Kate Greenaway style; little cap sleeves, puffed. They wear narrow gold bands across the forehead and about the head; white stockings and slippers, or simply white stockings. They should be fair-haired, if possible, and good singers. Each carries a long-stemmed Easter lily.

Syrian Girl: A kimono-like tunic of brown cambric reaching to the floor, but with no fullness on the shoulders; around the waist a brown girdle of gay striped material, the stripes running crosswise; over the head a fancy scarf of yellow tones, one end tossed over the left shoulder; brown stockings. The hair is parted and hangs.

For the costumes of the Chinese boy, the Eskimo, and the Japanese, see missionary magazine. The Chinese boy should be in medium blue.

The Arab boy: A long tunic of black cambric like a boy's bath robe, only without fulness. A white underwaist, white baggy trousers, bloused at ankle, a broad stripe of yellow or a gay stripe; red fez; barefooted.

SCENE.

Any ordinary platform will do. There should be Easter decorations of flowers, palms, and ferns in the background, at irregular intervals, so that the characters—flowers, birds, and animals—may step back among them and form part of the platform setting.

ACTION.

Music: "All things bright and beautiful."

Enter, skipping rope slowly in time to the music, a violet, a crocus, a lily, a robin, a lily, a bunny, a second bunny, a lily, a robin, a lily, a crocus, and, last, a second violet. As they skip, the violets and crocuses scatter paper flower petals to match their costumes in color, while the lilies wave their flowers in time to the music.

They circle the platform once, and then stop in a semicircle, while they sing the first stanza of the Beginners' and Primary children's songs: "All things bright and beautiful."

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
God made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

Yes, all things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
And all things wise and wonderful
The Lord God made them all.

While they are singing, the little Syrian girl, the Chinese boy, the Eskimo, the Arab boy, and the Japanese girl come tiptoeing on the platform in single file from the opposite side and stand in a diagonal line near the front of the platform. They should be far enough apart to allow them to turn and face one another without crowding. They peep over each other's shoulders and listen intently to the nature song.

First Violet.

When the winter came, with its freezing cold,
Our little leaves withered and sank in the earth,
Then you thought there was nothing but frozen mold;
You never dreamed of a glad new birth!

Second Violet.

But God has sent back the warmth to the world,
And lo, pushing up through the softened sod,
The little green blades with new leaves are curled;
While everywhere, everywhere violets nod.

Both Violets.

And they whisper and whisper with perfumed breath—

First Violet.

There is life after death!

Second Violet.

There is life after death!

Syrian Girl.

To Chinese boy.

Do you understand what the violets say?

Chinese Boy.

Shaking his head and turning to the Eskimo.

Do you?

Eskimo.

Shaking his head and turning to the Arab boy.

Do you?

Arab Boy.

To Japanese girl.

Do you?

Japanese Girl.

Shaking her head sadly

I don't!

First Crocus.

Crocuses golden and lavender, too,
Look up from the earth to the sky of blue.
They are thanking the Father for his care
In waking again the world so fair.

Second Crocus.

And the wind hears their message as he passes
And waves above them the young green grasses.
They'll whisper it now if you'll come quite near
And bend above them a listening ear:

First Crocus.

Death is a sleep from which all shall wake.

Second Crocus.

The Father has promised—for Jesus' sake!

Syrian Girl.

Won't some one speak clearer? We don't understand.

The four Lily Spirits step out from the semicircle and form a group near the front of the platform, facing the foreign children to whom they sing directly the stanzas of "Awake! Awake!"*

*From "Primary and Junior Songs for the Sunday School," by Marie Hofer and Josephine L. Baldwin. Clayton F. Summy Company, 64 East Van Buren Street, Chicago.

The Lily Spirits.

Awake, awake! the lilies say,
Awake, awake! 'tis Easter day!
 Awake, awake!
The secret we will now unfold,
Deep hidden in our hearts of gold,
 We sing of life alway.

Awake, awake, O children, wake!
And of our Easter joy partake!
 Awake, awake!
Awake and tell the story,
How Jesus rose in glory
 To give you life alway.

The Lilies slip back into the semicircle.

Arab Boy.

To others.

'Tis something sweet which the lilies say—
 Some message of hope and security.
They repeat it each year in their gentle way—
 This secret hid deep in their purity.

Eskimo.

I wish I knew!

Japanese Girl.

And I do, too.

First Robin.

The robins are singing on fence post and bough;
- Of building new nests they are thinking right now!

Second Robin.

And they say in their hearts as they twitter and sing,
The very same words which the Easter bells ring:

Both Robins.

"End now the silence of death and doubt;
Let the glad song of life through the whole world ring out!"

Eskimo.

If only the birds sang in human speech!

Japanese Girl.

Their message then our souls might reach!
All the foreign children look at her and nod.

First Bunny.

The creatures small in wood and dell
Creep forth again from the winter's shade,
And dumbly strive God's praise to tell
To the whole wide world his love has made.

Both Bunnies.

Life has triumphed over death;
Let all proclaim it that have breath.

All of Nature's children now quietly step backward and settle themselves among the palms, ferns, and flowers at the back of the platform.

Syrian Girl.

That animals are wise 'tis true.
Their message how I wish I knew!

Chinese Boy.

Perhaps if we study till we're old,
Nature's secrets will then unfold.

Arab Boy.

I want to know now!

Eskimo.

So do I!

Japanese Girl.

So do I!

Syrian Girl.

Hark! Is that a clearer message?

The Christian children sing, before entrance, the first stanza of "Easter Bells," from "Primary and Junior Songs."

Christian Children.

Hark, the bells of Easter morning,
Ringing out their message clear;
"Christ is risen, Christ is risen,"
Sound their message far and near.

While the interlude is being played, the ten or a dozen older pupils march on the platform, forming a semicircle in the center where the Children of Nature stood before.

Christian Children.

Listen, children, to their story,
Joyfully they seem to say:
"Christ the Saviour rose in glory
On this holy Easter Day."

Syrian Girl.

Eagerly.

Tell us plainly what the bells ring!

Chinese Boy.

Pressing forward.

What say the robins on joyful wing?

Eskimo.

Stepping forward.

What is the message of the flowers of spring?

Arab Boy.

What is it all creatures say?

Japanese Girl.

What is the meaning of Easter Day?
Are you sure that you know? Can you truly say?

First Child.

"God is love." "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life."

Second Child.

And when God sent his Son, a little baby, to this earth, the angels said to the shepherds watching: "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people; for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

Third Child.

When the baby grew up to be a strong, loving man, he taught the people, saying: "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for to such belongeth the kingdom of heaven."

Fourth Child.

And he went about doing good, teaching the people and healing the sick.

Fifth Child.

But after a while sinful men crucified him, and he was buried.

Sixth Child.

But the grave could not hold him. He arose from the dead on Easter morning!

Seventh Child.

When the faithful women came to the tomb, the angel who watched spoke to them saying: "Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus, who hath been crucified. He is not here; for he is risen, even as he said. Come, see the place where the

Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell his disciples, He is risen from the dead."

Eighth Child.

"And they departed quickly from the tomb with fear and great joy, and ran to bring his disciples word. And behold, Jesus met them. saying, All hail. And they came and took hold of his feet and worshiped him."

Ninth Child.

And because Jesus lives after death, we shall live also; "for as in Adam all die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive."

Tenth Child.

"O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? . . . Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

All the Christian Children.

This is the message of Easter Day.

The Syrian Girl.

The little creatures, the flowers and birds,
Tried this Easter message to tell in words,
But a human voice to make it clear
Was needed, too, if we were to hear.

Chinese Boy.

We are ready the Father to love and adore
And the Saviour, who lives forevermore.
If the Easter message you knew so well,
Why didn't you hasten the glad news to tell?

The Eskimo.

Leaning forward.

Why didn't you tell?

Arab Boy.

Coming forward.

If you knew so well!

Japanese Girl.

Why didn't you tell?

Nature's Children creep out from under the covert among the palms, ferns, and flowers, and form a group at the stage left near the Foreign Children and facing the Christian Children. They speak softly like an echo.

Nature's Children.

Why didn't you tell?

First Violet.

We did our best in our humble way—

First Crocus.

Over and over the message to day—

First Lily.

That the whole wide world with joy is rife,

First Robin.

For God is Love and Light and Life!

Second Bunny.

But we couldn't make them understand
Without a human voice and hand!

First Child.

God's creatures and flowers I'm sure you see,

Turning to the other children.

Have been more ready to serve than we.

Second Child.

But now we'll speak the message clear,
That all beneath the sun may hear.
His faithful heralds we will be
Till Christ is known from sea to sea!

Nature's Children and the Foreign Children draw close to the Christian Children, all singing together the closing hymn, "Easter," from "Primary and Junior Songs."

Christ the Lord is risen indeed,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Amen.

—*By Anita B. Ferris. Copyright, 1917, by H. W. Hicks; used by permission of Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada Copies of this play may be obtained from Smith & Lamar. Price, 15 cents.*

**THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT**

**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

